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THE BOYS.

BY J. P.

Three part of my wedding portion,
The spot where the old farm stands,
And I had the choosing of it
From all of my father's lands.
We were young, but we were not foolish,
Or wished they were grown beyond,
And my mother always taught me
To "live from day to day and respond."

For awhile, you know, it was lonely
With me in the house all day,
And I used to care for the neighbors,
Or anything else on the farm.

There was Jack and Ben, you remember,
They were all that I ever had;
And Jack was his mother's idol,
Though Ben was a likelyish lad;
And we mixed up every frolic,
Nor envied another's joys,
For a little boy with a little cramped
For a couple of growing boys.

I was bent on their having learning,
For I wanted my Jack and Ben
To be able to serve their country
Whenever she needed men.
And father said I was silly,
For he never could understand
The use of spending money
For anything else but land.

But I kept to my way of thinking,
And, though not otherwise, I say
I think both lads are the richer for study;
But Jack had a taste for law,
And I know that my prayers and prudence,
Would after awhile be addressed,
And it paid for all the trouble
When I entered my boys at college.

I can see that father is falling,
And there is no strength in his arm
To swing the scythe in the morning,
Or do the work on the farm,
And mother's face is still courage,
Though I try to be calm and brave,
For I know that she needs me, and will be
With both her boys in the grave?

The house was never so lonely,
And my poor old mare and I
Sit off in the chimney corner
And dream of the days gone by.
And when the no solemn silence
Is broken by human tone,
We start with the old-time gladness,
And whisper, "How come the boys?"

ELAMA,

THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us. —Shelley.

[This story was commenced in No. 48, Vol. 56. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SNAKE'S FANGS.

The doctor was irritated to find this woman here. Had she been also listening? He was half assured that she had. However, he had gained all the information possible under the circumstances and now thought he had better see his patient. It was impossible to see her before, as this business was so important and the opportunity could not be missed.

Of course, as soon as the parties in the room heard the voices on the veranda, there was an end to any further talk on the topic of the card game. Miss Templeton went out of the room very angry and carrying with her the article in dispute, joined her mistress on the porch.

"Ah, Mrs. Tendrie," answered she Doctor in as suave a tone as he was able to command, considering the circumstance of his intense irritation and disgust.

"I felt Mr. Marvin deep in the investigation of the new water colors Mrs. Burdette bought. Have you seen them? They are magnificent."

"No, I have not had that pleasure," answered St. Jean. "Where are they?"

"In the parlor. Mrs. Burdette thought they would be so interesting for her guests on the night of the party. They are French pictures and are perfectly charming. Let us go in and see them and see also the beautiful gold easel upon which they stand. You see we try to approach the beautiful here if we do not always reach it, Doctor. Approach, you know!"

Mrs. Burdette came to the window and exclaimed:—

"Why, Doctor, had you not better see your patient?"

"At once," answered St. Jean. "The quicker the better, Mrs. Tendrie, you will excuse me."

"Oh, certainly," responded that lady, making a low courtesy.

When St. Jean and Mrs. Burdette were out of sight, Mrs. Tendrie darted upon Miss Templeton with—

"How dare you betray me?"

"I—I—am?"

"Yes, you, you hateful creature! I'll punish you for it, now mind!"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Tendrie?" sobbed the girl.

"Mean!" exclaimed her mistress, in a voice rendered shrill with terrible anger. "I mean this. What right had you to tell everything you knew, say? How dare you reveal Mr. Wyhol's name? How dare you, my?"

"I didn't!" lied the girl.

"You did, for I heard you. I was standing by the door of the room and heard every word you said. What is all this fuss about a card case? Where is the card case? Let me see it."

"I have no card case!"

"You have, I saw you take it from Mrs. Burdette. Where did she get it? What does it all mean—tell me—tell me!"

"I shall not tell you, there!" said the girl, walking away. Mrs. Tendrie pounced upon her like a tigress, caught the unfortunate Miss Templeton by the shoulder of her dress and tore it in the effort. "Come back! You shall not escape—most wicked, wicked creature! Oh! I'll punish you! Don't try to escape me. It's no use! I'll tear you to pieces. Give me the card case. Let me see it! Let me see it!"

How the woman was transformed in an instant. How the mask fell from her face and she stood there in all her natural loathsomeness—a woman and yet a demon—a tyrannical, hypocritical, terrible being; an animal let loose to prey on society and learn misery in her path.

The girl broke from the clutch of this fiend-sided woman and ran off screaming, "Mrs. Burdette! Mrs. Burdette!"

"You shall suffer for this!" shrieked Mrs. Tendrie. "Suffer—suffer—suffer! Call as loud as you please. I'll explain everything. I'll have you imprisoned! I'll poison you! you demon!"

"Hallo—what's the matter!" cried the voice of Eustace, that young man having run up from the parlor to investigate the noise.

Miss Templeton having disappeared, Mrs Tendrie with one of her most bewitching smiles said to Marvin:

"Dear me, Mr. Marvin, you quite startled me!"

"What was that screaming?" asked Eustace.

"Screaming! Dear me! I heard no screaming. Annie Templeton and I were laughing at something, rather too loudly perhaps, and she nearly went off into a fit of hysterics. She's a great giggler, that girl! How do you like the water colors; are they not charming, Mr. Marvin? They are your favorites! For my part, I like the sunset scene—the marine view, the coast in an evening mist, and a wreck on the rocks, and not a soul to help! It is superb, is it not? And how perfect are such colors!"

"A very fine collection," responded Eustace to all this fire of chatter. "You must excuse me for venturing here as I did, Mrs. Tendrie, but I was almost persuaded I heard a scream, and I feared that somebody was ill or in danger."

"What an idea, Mr. Marvin! Next time we'll be careful not to laugh so loudly—ha, ha, ha! The carpenters and paper-hangers have been here all day. How do you like the appointments so far? The parlor, I think, is simply celestial. Please favor me with a sonata, Mr. Marvin; I hear you are such a divine performer. Mrs. Southgate told me, and I'm sure any meed from her lips you value. Don't tell me you do not, for you know I know better. She's a charming girl, is she not?"

"She appears so, Mrs. Tendrie."

"Appears! oh, you sly man. You're like all men. You'd like to flatter me and think I'd consider it the sweetest wine. Oh! no, no. But come, let us go into the parlor and have some music. Beethoven is my favorite."

"Where are the rest of the folks—Mrs. Burdette and the Doctor?"

"Oh! dear knows; they'll be here presently."

Eustace thought he would go into the parlor and sounded himself at the piano, as the readiest method open to him then of escaping this woman's chatter, so he said:

"Well, we'll wait in the parlor till they come and then I'll play a sonata in answer to your request, and that may either bring them here post haste or keep them away. It depends upon the performance."

When they reached the parlor Eustace played the waltz he heard in Egea—but he did not use the written notes he brought with him. he played from memory. Mrs. Tendrie talking all the time he was playing and laughing and making herself so very terribly agreeable. When he finished she ejaculated:

"Oh! how divine! How I love Beethoven!"

"That was not one of Beethoven's, Mrs. Tendrie, although it resembles his style. It is by an anonymous writer,"

"How exquisite! One of your impromptus, perhaps?"

"No, no?"

"Don't tell me that." I know better. It's the work of an artist. You are a magnificent performer, Mr. Marvin."

"Think so."

"I thought I had heard great performers, but I was mistaken. Why do you not play in public, Mr. Marvin?"

Eustace did not deign to reply. He burst into a wild impromptu of Chopin, and tried to drown the voice of the woman beside him. He was very much disappointed that he should come here to find, instead of the woman of his soul's dream, only this gossiping and frivolous female. It was a sad substitution he thought, and a feeling of utter revulsion came over him as he looked at Mrs. Tendrie, and he shuddered when she cast upon him her affected glances and smiles. "Oh! wretched woman," he thought to himself, "how easily I read you and your thoughts. How easily I read your past and how easily will I overthrow you when the time is ripe. There never has been or will be a more deserved fall than yours will be. If you only knew what I know you would tear your hair and gnash your teeth and weep your eyes out, and rush away to hide yourself in desert places, and yet all in vain: for you would be tracked and discovered and destroyed. "Mene, mene, Tekel upharsin," saith the prophet."

He made no pauses in his performance, but kept on with the loud peals down and played the most florid music. Anything was better than his own reality. He hoped to weary her with the music. But her tongue kept pace with his fingers and he saw that he could not vanquish her in this way.

All the time, he was playing and she was talking, she was taking his measure also, and she said to herself: "A poor, weak dreamer, a love-sick fool, who imagines he will win that Southgate girl and bring her away. I will help her, for he knows it and punish out of mere wantonness. As for the girl, she is not long to haunt me with her face. I have no more fear of her than of her sickly countenance. She shall or and this poor fool shall follow her or else I am not what I think I am, and my old power is gone. I am living in the midst of fools now, and will prove myself easily mistress of them all!"

Eustace ceased playing to rest his fingers for the moment, and she of course was loud in her praise.

"How wonderful! How you must have studied!

"Excuse me! But I certainly heard a scream!" darted abruptly from the room, leaving Mrs. Tendrie overwhelmed with confusion and Eustace had heard no scream. It was a ruse of his to escape her. A rude stratagem it was to be sure, but he cared not. "She will think me an eccentric fool," he thought, "but I care not!"

Of course she did not follow him. He wandered into the garden, feeling very miserable for he had been deprived of the sight of the sweet woman who alone could make the moments happy. Where was she? He was utterly despondent. He was unnerved, in an ill mood and irritated. Where was the Doctor? He was jealous of St. Jean, now, because he did not understand this sudden accession of his friends. As he strode down the garden path through the dusky bushes, he imagined himself in a wilderness, alone and desolate. The night was baleful to him. The fragrance of the garden made him melancholy with its suggestions of past bliss.

"Perhaps the Doctor is in the enjoyment of her blessed presence," he thought, "and I am duped."

He saw the glimmer of a light like a star through the dark masses of foliage around him. Coming nearer to it he found that it was the light of a single gas-burner in the conservatory where the gas-fitters had been at work all day putting in pipes and brackets, and this one burner had been lighted as an experiment.

As Eustace entered the conservatory, a figure passed him. He recognized the tearful face of Miss Templeton.

"Poor girl!" he thought; "she has had an encounter with that fiend. I was sure I heard screaming, and now I am confident it was her."

Miss Templeton glided into the darkness of the garden without saying a word, and Eustace had the conservatory all to himself. He sat down on one of the iron seats and fell into musing. Then he heard his name called. It was the Doctor's voice.

He at once left the place and made an answering hallos.

"Where the devil are you, old fellow?" called the Doctor, from the black depths of the shrubbery.

"I'm here near the conservatory, Doctor. Follow the light."

In a few seconds more St. Jean appeared, and exclaimed to Eustace, "Where the deuce have you been?"

"In the conservatory."

"How long have you been here? By Jove, we've been hunting you everywhere."

"Have you?" said Eustace, in a slightly petulant tone. "I was sure you had all forgotten me."

"Nonsense!"

"To leave me all alone with that woman. Well, how did you make out? Did you get a revelation from Templeton?"

"I did, my boy, and just the clue I wanted, too. I'll tell you about it presently."

"And Miss Southgate, I suppose you are very happy for having seen her?"

"Why, my boy, what's the matter with you, I had to see my patient. She was in another room, communing with herself."

"For God's sake don't alarm me. When?

"Just now, and now she is in the retiring room, entirely recovered from her trance and anxious to have me try my mesmeric power upon her in the presence of all the household."

"Doctor, by Heaven you shall not!"

"Oh, ho, my 'dear boy, don't get excited. I shall not harm her. I think perhaps nearly as much of her as you do. Why should I harm her?"

"But you shall not, I swear it?"

"I shall."

"Not in my presence."

"Out of your presence then. Remember I have the same power over you my boy. I can throw you into a trance at the same time."

"On one condition, I consent to permitting you mesmerizing her then."

"Are you mad, old fellow—what has your consent to do with it? Is she your property? Ha! ha! Well, what is your condition?"

"That you mesmerize me at the same time. Do you agree?"

"I do. I shall be happy to do so. That is exactly what I do desire!"

"Come on, then; I am your victim if she is. She is in the parlor, I suppose?"

"She is in the sitting-room in the second story, but will be in the parlor shortly. It matters not where she is. By the fiends, Eustace! do you know I have learned a great deal from Mrs. Burdette respecting one thing and another?"

"Then you are at the root of the mystery," said Eustace, as they walked towards the house.

"No; but I have more than one clue out of the labyrinth. You remember those two children who were here lately?"

"Perfectly; what of them?"

"They have been sent away by order of Mrs. Tendrie."

"Heigh-ho! and who are they, and why were they sent away?"

"They are the children, Mrs. Burdette tells me, of a friend of Mrs. Tendrie's; a widow named Mrs. Lonance."

"And who is Mrs. Lonance?"

"I know not, nor do I care. I only know that this Tendrie woman has some sinister reason for sending them away, and that we must find out."

Then they entered the house.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ERE THE LIFTING OF THE VEIL

They found Gertrude in the parlor, looking pale, very pale, but also very lovely. She was seated in a large arm-chair, near the centre of the room; the tableau was completed by the presence of Mrs. Burdette and Mrs. Tendrie.

Mrs. Tendrie actually deigned to form one of the party, and she was so complacent.

When Gertrude's eyes met those of Eustace as he entered the parlor, a lovely flush of color made her face transcendantly beautiful, which it changed also in expression from cloud to sunshine. Eustace was alike transfigured, and he betrayed visibly his feeling as he came up to Miss Southgate and shook her extended hand.

"I was sorry you were indisposed, Miss Southgate," he said. "But I am convinced that you can defy all doctors."

She laughed and replied, "All except one, Mr. Marvin."

"Yes."

"Yes. Jean, I suppose."

Eustace replied: "It would ill-become me not to recommend my good master——"

"Did you bring the music you promised me?"

"I did. It is here." He went over to the piano where he had laid the roll of manuscript notes, and untying it, brought it to Gertrude.

All this time the Doctor, Mrs. Burdette and Mrs. Tendrie, formed a talkative knot by themselves in one corner, leaving the lovers to themselves.

Gertrude sat for some time reading over the neatly written music, while Eustace, gazing at her, felt that he loved her more than ever, and that he was mad beyond hope to think of such a being as his wife. Then, too, he entertained just the least feeling of bitterness toward the Doctor all of a sudden—for he was fearful lest the dread power which he wielded might be used to terrible disadvantage upon him, and what was more to be condoled, upon his sweet ideal also.

But he had promised the Doctor to allow him to proceed with his mesmeric experiment on that one condition, and he seemed happier when he thought that she would be in himself's companionship in the same trance, and that she would recognize him then, and upon waking recognize him, and instinctively appreciate his love for her, as he would here. This was, he felt assured, verily his twin soul. This was Elama, the happy habitant of Egea.

"Please play this 'Hymn of Worship,'" said Gertrude, her eyes glowing with some weird excitement, "It is so grand—so grand!" Eustace replied:

"You play it. You interpret it better than I?"

She laughed, "I interpret?"

"Yes. Please, please do."

"After you! You play the 'hymn' and I will play the 'waltz.'"

She arose and walked to the piano. Eustace took his seat in front of the instrument and ran his fingers over the keys in the usual preluding way, and caused the mild Mrs. Burdette on the other side of the room to ejaculate, "How beautiful," much to Dr. St. Jean's amusement.

Before Eustace began the hymn, he sang, in a low voice, these words to a plaintsime accompaniment:

"Between Egea—called by men the fourth satellite of Saturn, and the planet Earth, is my life and thine. I have found thee, my beloved, and am with thee forever."

He watched the effect of these weird words upon her.

She seemed to accept them, as if they were not strange, were not new born.

She echoed them in a low song to the same accompaniment.

"Between Egea—called by men the fourth satellite of Saturn, and the planet Earth is my life and thine. I have found thee, my beloved, and am with thee forever."

Her face was beatified. His was ashen in pallor.

Mrs. Tendrie was the only creature in the room who saw all this with her searching eyes, and commented quietly upon it.

Mrs. Burdette and the Doctor were still talking. That good lady was asking the Doctor if it were true that neuralgia is contagious, whereupon he laughed, and told that some species of neuralgia were.

The Doctor, glancing at the piano, saw that the lovers were talking quietly to each other, and he thought he ought to begin the séance.

Eustace was on the verge of a revelation to Gertrude of his whole past, his entrance, his love for her, when he was interrupted by the voice of the Doctor, asking him if he would like to submit to the experiment. In fact, Mrs. Burdette prompted him to ask, as she was eager to see a mesmeric trance, and so indeed was Mrs. Tendrie.

Eustace thought it exceedingly unkind in the Doctor to interrupt them in the midst of a sweet discourse, and he made no reply to the Doctor's question, but began playing.

When he had finished the hymn of worship, he yielded the piano to Gertrude, who took his place and played the waltz divinely, and filled it by a wild sort of triumphal march, new to Eustace.

"That's certainly grand," said St. Jean approaching the performer. "It is one of Mr. Marvin compositions," she replied.

"Begging your pardon," said Eustace, "I think not, unless it was composed in a dream."

"So it was" she rejoined, looking at him as if in a dream herself. "You know you compose in dreams and this is the result."

"I'm glad you recognize it," he said smiling, "but how came you to have it?"

"Because you were kind enough to give it to me this evening, here on this sheet of manuscript. There it is Doctor," she said, turning to St. Jean and pointing to a page of the manuscript notes in front of her.

Eustace was astounded when he looked to where she indicated, for there palpably written in palpable ink were the notes of the very piece she had just played. The triumphant march which Eustace had written unconsciously in one of his somnambulic moods, and even the melody of which he did not recognize.

He did not reveal his astonishment however. He laughed off his surprise, and they all thought he had been jesting when he told them he had not composed the piece in question.

Mrs. Tendrie then came up to the performer and actually kissed her. "My Dear Gertrude!" she said. "I never heard you play so superbly as you do this evening. I was melted almost to tears!"

Gertrude did not seem to relish the caresses of this woman; she smiled and said:

"I have so much entertainment that I ought to improve. I cannot help being an artist, you see Mrs. Tendrie."

"You are a born artist, is she not Mr. Burdette, not knowing the question and responding in a delightfully vague way." Yes indeed Mrs. Tendrie bit her lips and rolled her eyes. "Come, come, the experiment," she said. "I am dying to see it. I heard there was to be a spiritual seance here?"

The Doctor replied half angrily.

"I was not aware of it?"

"Oh! my, why Doctor, here's my informer. Here she is!" Designating Mrs. Burdette, by a playful touch on the shoulder and addressing her. "You know you told me that Dr. St. Jean would mesmerize Miss Southgate. You know you did. You know you did!"

There was an affectation of girlish frivolity in the woman's manner then, which rendered her doubly disgusting to Eustace and St. Jean.

"I am perfectly willing and resigned, as I told you up stairs," said Gertrude to the Doctor. "What do you want me to do?"

"Simply to take the coolest, easiest chair in the room (can back and imagine you are in the hands of a dentist who is about to administer laughing gas."

"Pleasant and consoling thought!" said Gertrude. "For I never could take the gas with comfort. It acts so strangely upon me, and stifles and oppresses and maddens me! I shudder to think of my experience."

"This, then, is an improvement," said the Doctor, "but of course I only suggest the experiment. Mr. Marvin, here, will subject himself to my influence at the same time. Wont you, Eustace?"

"With all the pleasure in the world—seeing that Miss Southgate is so resigned."

"Now I shall not consider it martyrdom, since Mr. Marvin is to be my companion in this dream journey. Now, Doctor lead us to sacrifice. Mrs. Tendrie, wont you join us?"

"Yes, my dear! But not to-night. I'm afraid the Doctor has more than he can manage already."

"Ugh!" growled St. Jean to himself; "the poor Doctor would indeed have a poor chance if he couldn't manage you, my dear lady! He'll manage to expose some of your little tricks or give up all games entirely."

"I wish Charlotte was here," said Mrs. Burdette, thinking how nice it would be to subject her niece, Miss Lasso to the Doctor's influence, and then let Miss Lasso reciprocate by matrimonially mesmerizing the Doctor. She thought Charlotte, by leaving for home that day, had missed the 'tide that leads to fortune,' and must now abandon hope of the Doctor forever.

"How nice that would be!" answered Mrs. Tendrie, who was trying to be as nice as that conventional bird, the lark, yet not succeeding very well in the attempt, the mask being too plain, and the moral hideousness of her heart below too conspicuous. "I wish, how she chattered and chirruped and busied herself like a maiden in her teens with one thing and another, making everybody so happy and comfortable.

"The gas ought to be put very low, ought it not, Doctor?" she queried, giving St. Jean an arch look, anticipatory of the pleasures of darkness.

"No, it is not necessary," replied St. Jean.

"It would be so romantic," put in Mrs. Burdette.

"Delightfully so," said Mrs. Tendrie. "Oh, it might certainly be done. All the spiritual seances I was at in Europe were held in darkened rooms, and it was perfectly enchanting perfectly."

"But this is not to be a spiritual seance," grumbled the Doctor.

"You surprise me, Doctor," she said. "Why, what is it to be, then?"

"An experiment at mind reading or clairvoyance. That's all—turning to Gertrude, who was talking in a low tone to Eustace at the piano, he said "Beg your pardon, Miss Southgate, but would you favor me by taking this chair," indicating a large velvet cushioned fauteuil which he had wheeled to Gertrude's assistance, and wheeled into the centre of the room.

Gertrude rose and with a slight courtesy answered, "Certainly, Doctor" and took the chair as composedly as possible.

"You look like a queen on the throne." said Mrs. Burdette. Mrs. Tendrie rolled her eyes and said with her usual twist of the mouth.

"Very."

"Now, Eustace," said the Doctor, "Take this chair." A low easy chair was brought to the side of the one in which Gertrude sat, and Eustace at once occupied it.

"He looks like a prince, I suppose" said Mrs. Tendrie, addressing Mrs. Burdette, "or at least he ought to. A charming couple," she added to herself.

"Now then, Miss Southgate, look into my eyes, if you please."

A lively flush of color suppressed her face as she obeyed, and the Doctor felt a thrill of inexplicable delight as he gazed into the profundity of those magnificent eyes. In a moment he hesitated. He was near forgetting himself.

"Listen" exclaimed Mrs. Tendrie with a pale face. "There is a storm rising dark at the thunder!"

"I am it be possible!" said Mrs. Burdette, going to the door and looking out. Yes, it is true. there is a terrible storm coming up. My, my, did you see that vivid flash?"

"The cloud is upon us indeed!" said the Doctor looking out at the clouds and noticing the blinding succession of flashes.

"I will shut the door," said Miss Southgate. "There is a perfect gale outside."

As she spoke, Eustace was blown shut with a great noise, and a terrific crash of thunder followed which made the house tremble, and then the rain came down in roaring torrents. "Oh! my Annie Templeton is out!" said Mrs. Burdette. "I hope and pray she is not in this storm."

"I passed her in the conservatory," said Eustace.

"Poor child," said Mrs. Burdette. "She will be drenched."

"I hope not," said the Doctor. "Surely there's plenty of shelter in the garden for her."

"Oh, she'll take care of herself, depend upon it" said Mrs Tendrie, trembling violently as a piercing flash following another great peal of thunder, seemed to threaten the dissolution of the globe the elements seemed so furious.

"My what a crash!" exclaimed Mrs. Burdette. "That shook struck somewhere. Pray heaven nobody is hurt!"

Just then Miss Templeton, holding her skirt over her head as a protection, burst into the room with a scream, and dripping with water.

"Why, Annie!" exclaimed Mrs Burdette. "Child, child! where have you been?"

"In—the—garden!" stammered Miss Templeton, breathlessly, "and I took shelter in the arbor, when a man came rushing in alongside of me. I was so frightened! oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"A man!" ejaculated Mrs. Tendrie, growing very pale; "Are you afraid of a man? Is it the first time you've seen a man in the garden? What is the matter with you? Can't you answer?"

"She is faint and wet," said the Doctor. "Come and change your shoes and clothes and then come down; as for the man, let him stay in the arbor if he doesn't want to be drowned, and I guess he's wise enough to stay."

"The storm doesn't decrease any," said Eustace.

"We're hooked for the night, I'm afraid, my boy," said the Doctor.

Mrs. Burdette followed Miss Templeton out of the room, and Mrs. Tendrie kept staring out of the window into the blackness of the storm, in hopes of catching a glimpse in the intermittent lightning of the intruder in the garden.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LUX IN TENEBRAE.

"We will suspend the seance," said St. Jean, "until the storm abates."

"I think it is proper to do so," said Gertrude, "for I am not as composed as I ought to be under the spell of the lightning."

"Nor am I," added Eustace.

Mrs. Tendrie at this moment, impelled by some mysterious impulse, left the station at the casement, and darted from the room out upon the veranda, where she stood steadily looking into the garden, trusting that the lightning would reveal something to her, for which her eyes yearned.

"What in the world ails that mysterious woman," said the Doctor; "out in all this storm, too. She is certainly a riddle."

"As long as I have been here, I have never been curious enough to learn who she is," said Miss Southgate, "but she has always appeared to me to be a very strange-mooded lady. Sometimes she would be exceedingly pleasant with me, and at other times very morose. Mrs. Burdette has a very high opinion of her."

"Do you know Mrs. Lonance?" asked the Doctor.

"Mrs. Lonance? I have heard of a Mrs. Lonancer who, Mrs. Burdette tells me, is the mother of the two children we saw here, but I do not know her; in fact, never saw her or knew her by name."

"I ask," said the Doctor, "simply because I am as curious as your sex respecting certain affairs in the neighborhood, and I was always led to know whose those children were and why they were here."

"And I suppose," returned Gertrude, laughing, "that you have been, and are, equally curious concerning my presence here. Is it not so?"

"Of course I am curious, Miss Southgate, yet I trust you will appease my questioning before hour. Mr. Marvin and I have been seeking truth for a long time, and it will come to us. I am glad to learn that you are from England, some of my best friends are English people."

"Pray, how did you learn that I was English?"

"I divined as much from your use of words that are not American, and from your particularly winning accent in sounding the A broad. Then Mrs. Burdette told me."

"Am I so unlike you American women, then?"

"You English use words in different senses to what we do, replied St. Jean. "You call a person 'clever' who in we call him 'smart.' But I think upon the whole the English speech I more correct than the American."

"Do not turn traitor to your flag, Doctor. I love my country and I love yours. It is a magnificent land, this America, a land flowing with milk and honey."

"I thank you Miss Southgate, on behalf of the American Eagle, and now I will ask Mr. Marvin to play the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

"I beg that you will not, Doctor."

"Why not? It can't be heard in this uproar of the elements, probably fortunately."

"It is much the best piece," responded Eustace "for my part I loathe national airs, even those written by Handel and Haydn."

"You express my opinion, Mr. Marvin," said Gertrude, "I am not sufficiently military to be flame inspired by such compositions, not even God Save the Queen."

"Hear that!" ejaculated St. Jean as a stroke of fire lightning shivered a tree in the neighborhood, with a report like the terrific explosion of a large shell.

"Heaven preserve us!" said Gertrude. "This is fearful!"

"The storm seems to be increasing, instead of ceasing," replied the Doctor. "How the rain pours."

And Mrs. Tendrie is standing there still" said Eustace. Is she contriving a spell of witchcraft out there, and bringing some new incantation upon us from the storm?"

"She is in league with the spirits of darkness, I imagine" laughed St. Jean.

"That's complimentary" said Gertrude.

Just at her word Mrs. Tendrie left the Doctor to Eustace with an exclamation, and a pair of rubbers, or I will not be responsible for the consequences. I really do not wish to add her to the list of my victims."

"She is coming in now, said Eustace.

"Mrs. Tendrie entered, and shivering all over with an uncontrollable ague, said: "It is awful. I never was afraid of thunder. But I can have to watch the lightning. It fascinates me."

How could you be so imprudent, Mrs. Tendrie" said Gertrude.

"Imprudent! why my dear it is exquisite. I love terrible things. This storm reminds me of a storm at the ocean when I was coming from France, and when we came very near being cast in the bay of Biscay. Ha! I remembered a storm on the channel, and Gertrude, unable to restrain her curiosity, listening intently to the lightning, interrupting her narrative. She shut her eyes and turned her head from the window, as another terrible one followed.

Mrs. Burdette ran into the parlor in great agitation, and after her Miss Templeton, who appeared to have just recovered from another crying spell.

"Oh, I can't stay up stairs!" said the hostess. "It is so dreadfully lonely there and I feel nervous. Did you ever see such a storm! Annie has been dreadfully frightened by the lightning."

"I'm afraid we'll have to hire a boat to take us home?" said the Doctor.

"You must and shall stay all night!" said Mrs. Burdette. "I insist upon it."

"To hear is to obey," answered Eustace.

"The fiat has gone forth and we have to submit," said the Doctor. "Prudence is the blind goddess who rules our fate and compels us to stay."

"Thanks, rather," said Mrs. Burdette, "to the storm. There's a lovely spare room in the third story, and you shall sleep and snore to merry night of it. Let us have some music, please?"

"What! in this storm."

"Certainly, it will be grand."

"Play the 'Battle of Prague,' Eustace."

"I'll play 'Tam O'Shanter.'"

"How appropriate," exclaimed Gertrude.

"Let us have a quiet game of cards, rather," said Mrs. Tendrie.

"I cannot play cards," said Eustace, "and I think the Doctor has been also neglected. I'd rather play blind man's-buff."

"Let's tell ghost stories," suggested St. Jean.

"Good!" exclaimed Eustace. "I must confess that will be extremely apropos; who will begin. Draw up your chairs in a circle and prepare to be horrified."

"It will certainly be amusing," said Mrs. Tendrie.

They formed a circle around Eustace, and he began a narrative.

"The story I am about to tell," he began, "is not a personal experience, but it is nevertheless true."

"No doubt, about that," said Mrs. Tendrie.

"Silence in the congregation! A party who shall be nameless, was journeying one moonlight night in a part of the country where farmhouses were rather scattered, and happening to be benighted a little before he came to a house to the road, he encountered a large dog. The dog was a bloodhound, and the nameless party was not a little frightened. So he retreated his steps with a view to avoid the hound, when he found that the animal was following him. He kept on at a rapid pace, and then looking behind him, found that the dog had disappeared. Thinking that the coast was clear, he once more followed him, he walked back in the direction he first intended to take, and upon arriving at the road, to his surprise and alarm saw there the same middle of the road the same bloodhound. The last, however, did not follow, but with a wild yelp walked up the road. The nameless party kept him in sight, and saw him disappear at the gate of a very old and dilapidated farm house. His disappearance was so startling as to send a shiver through the traveller, and he continued his walk at a rapid pace past the spot where the dog had disappeared, and gradually increased it to a run, and tried to gain the open fields beyond him. At that instant he heard a human cry of "Help, help! for God's sake help!" Looking back, he saw a man raising his hand to strike a woman in the garden of the farm house. The traveller stood petrified with astonishment and fear. She did not know what to do. He then turned and ran as fast as he could to the village, and arrived there late at night, went to the hotel and slept soundly. In the evening he was told of a murder on the road at an old farm house—a woman had been brutally murdered by her husband."

"Look there—look there!" cried Miss Templeton, pointing to the window. "That face there!"

"Great heavens, how you frighten me!" cried Mrs. Tendrie, her face ghastly with terror, her eyes starting from their sockets, and her whole frame convulsed with excitement.

"There is somebody on the verandah!" said St. Jean.

"It's the man! It's the man!" exclaimed Miss Templeton.

"Go to the door" said Mrs. Burdrette, addressing no one in particular.

St. Jean ran to the door, but at that moment in came a very well individual, who took off his hat, gave it a knock on his knee to shake off the water, and exclaimed:

"Hello, Doc!"

It was Hawkesworth Sipes.

"Why what in the fiend's name brings you here, Sipes?"

"By Jiminy, Doctor, I've news for you, I've news for you."

"But how did you know I was here?"

"They told me at the house. I walked all the way. Got caught in the storm, took shelter in the arbor down there, and then after waiting patiently for this confounded shower to leave off, ran as hard as I could dig up here."

"This is Mr. Sipes," said the Doctor, turning to the company. "He has a little business with me; I hope you will excuse us."

"Oh, Mr. Sipes," said Mrs. Burdette, "please go into the dining room and have a morsel of something to eat and a drop of wine."

"Thank you, madam. I'll endorse your proposition heartily."

"Why, you are wet through!" she exclaimed.

"It's of no consequence. It's the first free bath I've had this season, and its decidedly cooling. This isn't a night isn't it?"

Terrible, terrible!" rejoined the hostess. The lightning must have struck somewhere."

"It did, madam. It struck a tree not ten rods from where I was standing."

"Goodness!"

"It's the truth, madam."

"Well, come into the dining room and refresh yourself. All friends of Doctor St. Jean are welcome here, I assure you."

"Thank you, madam, you are very kind."

The Doctor and Mr. Sipes followed the hostess, and in a few minutes the good hearted woman had ordered quite a repast to be served to which the reporter did ample justice.

Then Mrs. Burdette retired, leaving Sipes and the Doctor alone. Hawkesworth filling a glass full of sherry, drank it off and smacked his lips, and refilled it said:

"By Jiminy, Doctor, do you know I'm on the track?"

"For God's sake, Sipes, tell me what you have found out?"

"I think I've found out the D. W., replied Sipes, and am on the trail of certain other parties, and here's the clue. I'll tell you about it. Read this letter."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCATTERERS.

Behold the sturdy sower
On his way through town!
Hark! how he scatters showers
Of gold and silver down!
With an open hand he flings it
From out his running eye,
And who shall say he sings it
Not, figures never lie?

The neighbors know,
All up and down the street,
How money and honey,
In life's fleeting hour,
Within the walls lengthened thus
Are sometimes found,
Clustered like flies
About a sound.

Here hustled, yon scuffed for,
Like the hungry lambs!
Rout of arm's length scrambles
Of fingers within reach!
Pushing his silver
Like gold from door to door!
And, like the lamb,
Blue eyes enter for "more."

A sarcasm wolf
In clothing of the sheep,
Sly fox in fleece,
Even white calves weep!
Cheating no crowd,
Serving no human love,
Heaven shook the hand
From out her greedy claws!

A NIGHT INVASION.

I.

It was on a chilly day in October, and my mother had just started for Dunne, where lived my married elder brother.

It was a case of another baby. The summons had come at six o'clock in the morning and after the sad[illegible] of an early breakfast, and the bustle of packing up and packing off our little mother, we began to find rather unhanged and weary, with a long day yet to dispose of on our hands. By noon o'clock we had resolved ourselves, for the third time that week, into a committee for entertaining, from promises based on small, the utmost moment when we might hope to breathe again the time-honored joke—whether we were "waste or waeke."

To digest these ruminations, I strayed out without my hat to the little orchard on the slope, for the weather, until to-day, had been mild, and we had not given up our summer habits. The apples had not all been gathered in, and I amused myself by picking up those that had fallen in the night, waging war to [illegible] out, with the wasps that had been before me to the field.

Great masses of cloud were lifting their crests in the northwest, and the wind had begun to rise. There was still some blue sky visible, but it was evident to other than belongs by right in an October sky.

After studying the weather signs, with my apples gathered in my dress, I re-entered the house to find Jane in a hurry; and there was Margery lifting up her voice to the tones of trouble, and wiping her eyes with her apron while Helen and Lucy sat listening to her.

They were in the dining room, Lucy seated on the table with her feet on a chair, and my sister in a more decorous attitude.

"It's just as if it came on purpose," Margery was saying, "for me to be leavin' you the minnit Jane's back is turned! And I would not do it neither, if Ruth was to be trusted—but she isn't; and the old 'woman may go between; my hands if she hasn't a bit of comfort. So, while poor Mrs. Hall, Margery, I'll get the dinner as soon as may be and be off."

"Yes, certainly," said my sister, "and we will see the clearing of dinner ourselves. Margery, we know you wish you not to delay father."

"Well, thank you kindly. Put the things away where, young ladies, and I'd better send up little Sally, as I can; she'll see after you a bit. And remember, if anyone comes, I'll be back by ten o'clock, if I walking hard will bring me, and you'll know my hand from anyone else's at the back door, ancbout be frightened."

Margery's mother, the old woman alluded to, had fallen down and broken her hip, and she had come into the dining-room to announce her plans rather than to ask for our permission and the trouble of hearing us alone evidently distressed her more than the cause for it. It seemed a breach of the confidence my mother reposed in her, and we were still little more than nurslings in her eyes.

We tried at that time at the Hermitage a small, lonely house that had the recommendation to our slender and reduced resources of a modest rent. And Margery would have been so offended at being supposed to require another "hand" that it became quite out of the question to think of proposing it.

Lucy Lennox was our cousin, living with us occasionally. She was very pretty, and so was Helen, in a secondary degree, and I was a good second in my eyes by a strong background of good nature, for which Lucy was not remarkable. As to myself, they generally said I had the basis of good looks, but I departed and Lucy and I undertook the task of putting away the dinner things, making Helen sit still.

The wind had risen considerably, and howled wildly about the house. I and Helen got out some plain sewing; but Lucy sat at her ornamental tape work. Sally did not come. She explained she was unable to, and took it philosophically.

Our tongues went as fast as our needles at first, and when or why it was our spirits first began to flag it would be difficult to say. I think the weather must have been partly to blame. Short, stormy showers of rain swept at intervals against the windows, and the wind had risen to a perfect hurricane, while boughs from the orchard trees home along by the old dying current; the more exposed trees bent to the wind. On the lawn, a graceful, sleek looking fir tree of which we were all fond after Sunday morning hours spent in church, was the first that reminded one of the struggles of a sinking ship at sea, torn up its roots with one convulsive effort, and fell prostrate before our eyes. It really was quite distressing to see the sad abasement of the thing, especially when a gust or two began to slide from the roof.

Tea. But not a very cheerful party sitting down to it. Margery could not be prevailed for over, and the evening drew on. It seemed a long time yet before Margery would come.

Lucy sat on a stool near the fire, sighing at intervals. Helen was mistaken in my knitting, and was bothered over the dropping up. Helen read aloud to us; but as the wind mixed in the chimneys, and around the house, she had to raise her voice so often, and read with so many pauses, that the book was put up to receive more; for to sit and listen to the wind howling after all, gathering strength, and then suddenly pausing, as the final burst against the fastness, was to challenge nervous depression.

One and then, louder and stormier than any we had yet had, came in force, making us all silent, when, suddenly, a tremendous report, like an electric shock, there sounded through the house a very violent pull of the door bell.

"Oh, good gracious!" cried Lucy, covering her face with her hands, "I know we shall all be scared!" An irrelevant remark that made Helen laugh in hough rather hysterically.

"Why, Lucy dear, don't, Girlie!" said Helen, "what on earth are we to do?"

"Perhaps it was the wind," said Lucy hopefully; "so hadn't we better watch the nature of wind to [illegible] before right door-bell and give it a [illegible]

"Let us [illegible] and see if it rings again," I suggested, and they again it did, louder and more violently than before. Margery, with[illegible] of duties in pursuit of her, would [illegible] such a peal. But she would [illegible] to see the knocker, then [illegible] door had a chain, or that there were a window?

Unfortunately the hall door had all the end of the house to itself, not a lattice was there through which we both parties. The door, too, was secured with strong bolts; and [illegible] accomplished he withdrawn cry [illegible] was re-pulled in close quarters [illegible] the door, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

HYMENS, IDEAL AND REAL.

"O Pale Aschenatz! lift thy earnest look
A moment from the pages of thy book;
Is there a lesson that hath power to move
The human heart like the sweet tale of love?"

"He lover must be wise, must love with me
All lovely things in Art and Poesy;
All that is pure in thought, all large-souled
And noble noble kin, even from afar."

"I do not ask for honors, land or gold,
Only for a lover such my heart and head,
Let such a lover seek my hand and stand,
And I will bow to him and call him lord."

"Ah, what is a model husband?" answered May;
"I'd not have such a one a single day;
My lord must own a fine estate, you know,
Or else I fear he'll find it all the same."

"And I," said proud Cornelia, "were he lord
But he who lies dead on his conqueror's sword,
Or he who bears the wreath for the longest race
Grave the bright letters that shall spell his name."

The wise Aschenatz spoke a heritage old,
A sage, whose thoughts had filled the world;
And May, who vowed that nought but wealth should
rule,
Married a poor professor, and keeps school.

And so on passed Cornelia soldier crazed,
Into the land of mad and lonely graves—
Her lord a little handsome dry-goods clerk.

Through Evil and Good Report.

BY ELLEN CLARE.

In five I was married my name was Margaret Linscott. I was an only child, and my mother died a few days after my birth. When I was about six years old, my father, Captain Linscott, left the army, and came here to live in Glasgow. He was a tall, dark, stern, morose man, who never evinced any paternal tenderness towards me. I often begged to climb on some one of his knees and fondle him, as I had seen other girls fondle and caress their fathers, but he always repulsed me, or received my advances with such a palpable air of "boredom" that it was impossible to be a repeater.

We were not well off as far as pecuniary matters were concerned, my father having run through his means, which circumstance had involved his selling out of the army; and he had therefore been glad to accept a situation as cashier in the great shipbuilding firm of Campbell & Westwood. We lived in a cottage in pretty Pleasance, whence my father went in the steamer every day to Glasgow; and very monotonously the time passed until I was nineteen.

I shall not dwell upon the long weary days and evenings I used to spend alone—for my father's evil temper and dissolute ways hindered many people from making our acquaintance—but I shall pass on to the great event which formed the turning-point of my life. I seldom went into society, and saw few people, save two or three gentleman-friends of my father's, whose sometimes accompanied him home. At such times I used often to creep unobserved from the sitting-room, for I could not endure their boisterous, free ways; and many a night have I lain awake listening to their laughter and shouts over their cards and wine. Sometimes wondered where the money came from to provide these soirées, for I knew I often found it hard work enough to procure from my father the price of necessary articles of clothing. I knew I dared not remonstrate, so, like a woman, I brooded over my trouble.

Amongst those who used to come frequently to our house was a Mr. George Saunderson, manager of a Glasgow bank. He was quite as old as my father, unmarried, and very like him both in habits and appearance. I loathed this man, because he always came unexpected, yet he persisted in paying me the most undisguised attentions, with, as I plainly saw, the entire approbation of my father. At length he came one day, and asked me to be his wife—an hour which I quietly but firmly refused.

"I have your father's consent," he said;" and I offer you a good, comfortable home. You shall want for nothing."

"You cannot be satisfied with my decision," I returned, rising. "I thank you for the honor you have done me, but I can never become your wife."

I saw his black brows knit, and the veins on his forehead stand out rigidly; his deeply-set, cruel black eyes flashed as he exclaimed, in a voice of suppressed rage—

"Maggie Estcourt, I have set my heart upon marrying you—and have you I will, whether you like it or not!"

I confess I felt rather frightened, sitting there alone with this desperate looking man, but I said bravely—

"If ever I marry any one, it will be for the sake of having a little peace and love in my life. I know that I should have no peace with you, and it is useless therefore to dwell on the subject."

He laughed jeeringly.

"You may be very glad to get any kind of a husband. It is not every one who would marry the daughter of a man bearing the character your father does."

"How dare you say so?" I exclaimed. "He is my father, and no one shall speak insultingly of him in my presence. If you dragged me to the altar with you, I should say 'No' even then."

"After? Humbug!" he ejaculated. "I mean to marry you, Maggie, and I will do so; and, what is more, I mean to have a Scotch marriage. We shall take each other 'for better for worse to the prejudice of witnesses.'"

I was too indignant to make any reply, so I left the room.

That night—it was in February—my father did not come home until it was very late. I had gone to bed, and was startled by a knock at my bed-room door, whilst a peremptory voice said—

"Maggie, come downstairs—I want to speak to you."

"I am in bed, father."

"No matter; dress yourself and come down."

I obeyed trembling, and soon joined my father in the sitting-room. He looked so like, so wonderfully like George Saunderson that at first I was startled at the resemblance. He said, angrily—

"Maggie, Saunderson tells me that you refuse to marry him. I wish you to become his wife; so remember, when he comes next again, that you receive him properly."

"Father, I cannot marry Mr. Saunderson!"

"You must," he exclaimed—"I insist upon it."

"I cannot, I returned, "I hate the very sight of him."

"Then accustom yourself to love it as quickly as possible—our arrangements are not going to be set aside to please a chit of a girl."

"Ask me to do anything else to please, father," I pleaded; "but I cannot marry Mr. Saunderson."

"We need not discuss the matter any further. You know my wishes, and I mean to carry them out. Stay," he continued, taking a letter from his pocket—"here is an invitation from Mrs. Campbell for us both to go to a ball which she is to give on the twentieth. Write and accept it."

After that Mr. Saunderson came to our house more frequently. He never renewed his proposal, but he assumed a kind of proprietorship over me which was humiliatingly galling.

On the evening of the ball, as I stood before the looking-glass, considering my toilet, our old servant brought me a magnificent bouquet of camellias.

"Mr. Saunderson sent you this, miss; and he wishes to see you as soon as you can conveniently come down."

"I will go when I am ready, and not sooner," I replied, ungraciously, as Jane left the room. Whether she ever delivered that message or not I cannot say.

I proceeded leisurely with my toilet, certainly delighted at having received the flowers to complete it, yet wishing they had come from some other source. My dress was of white silk, with a white tulle overskirt tastefully looped up with bits of forget-me-nots; sprays of the latter adorned my hair, which I wore in one great mass of curls, loosely gathered at the top of my head. Around my neck I wore a broad black velvet ribbon, from which depended a small turquoise locket, one of my articles of jewelry. Thus attired, I took up the obnoxious but necessary flowers, my gloves, fan, and handkerchief, and descended to the sitting-room, where I found Mr. Saunderson, who, to my astonishment, was also in evening dress. He looked at me for a minute, and then said:

"Maggie, you look lovely!" As he spoke he came over, put his arm around me, and kissed my forehead.

"How dare you?" I exclaimed, starting away in anger. "How dare you kiss me?"

"I dare because I have a right," said he laughingly. "Don't be absurd, Maggie—come here and see what I have brought you."

He opened a morocco case and displayed an exquisite set of pearls.

"I am very much obliged to you," I returned coldly, "but I could not think of accepting them."

"Yes, you will," he said, coaxingly. "Come, let me put them on. Your father gave me an invitation to the ball because I want you and me to be seen in public as an engaged couple." How enraged I felt! My father entered just then, and, as he looked upon my wearing the pearls, I had no alternative but either to do so or to be obliged to stay at home, and, girl-like, I did not wish to lose the amusement.

It was the first ball that I had ever been at, and, as I often heaped the room leaning on my father's arm, I felt almost bewildered by the gay scene. The blaze of light, the pretty flowers, and the orchestra piled with their hothouse plants, amongst which the lamps glittered with a subdued light, seemed like fairyland. Mr. Saunderson claimed me for the first dance, and, as I sat after it in the cool ante-room, Charlie Benson, a young lawyer, and an old friend of mine, came up in company with another gentleman, and said—

"Maggie, allow me to introduce my friend, Archie Scott, to you. He has asked me for the introduction."

People said Archie Campbell's hair was red—I maintain that both his hair and his splendid beard were auburn. People said his eyes were green—I say they were hazel. He was six feet high, and he danced divinely. I promised to dance with him again and again, and I did so.

I had danced with him three times, and had promised to dance with him again. Once I had danced with Charlie Benson, and thus had been enabled to avoid Mr. Saunderson. Archie Campbell and I were standing in the conservatory, fanning ourselves, my bete noir entered and said—

"Ah, you are here, Maggie. I have been looking for you everywhere. I want you to dance this waltz with me."

"Miss Estcourt is engaged to me for this dance," interposed Archie Campbell, quietly placing my hand on his arm.

Mr. Saunderson smiled blandly, but I, who had had experience of the man's temper, knew what a volcano of passion slumbered beneath his seeming equanimity. Holding out my arm for my acceptance, he said—

"Miss Estcourt is engaged to me for this dance," I replied, thoroughly exasperated. "and it is unkind of you, father, to wish me to become the object of gossip, when I know instinctively I am to be a bad man."

"Nonsense," he chuckled. "Do you think I don't see how things are going on? That fellow Campbell has been making love to you, and turning your head."

"Mr. Campbell has never made love to me," I replied, quietly and truthfully.

"It is time you had some more glorious him opportunities enough. Every one is talking to me about you and him. He is looked upon as Saunderson's rival in your affections."

"I am sorry people have nothing more important to occupy their minds with," I exclaimed. "I have no few friends that surely to one need grudge me the companionship of an intelligent mind."

My father laughed ironically.

"Oh, you; the old story—similarity of tastes, and all that! By Jove!" he exclaimed, starting up, "here's the steamer, and I have to go to Glasgow this evening!"

I sat at the window, feeling miserable enough, and watched the changing opal tints of the clouds, faintly tinged with the rosy splendor of the sunset which was setting over the hills at the back of the house. I saw the people going backwards and forwards to the places—saw them as in a panorama, for no sound reached me from the silent scene which seemed to reign around. The twilight deepened, yet still I sat there thinking—thinking if it would not be better for me to go away somewhere, and get a living in some honest capacity, rather than become the wife of a man I loathed. The wife of a man I loathed—all my womanly instincts revolted at the thought; and I had had so little love, so little happiness in my life, that I could not run the risk of irrevocably completing my misery by marrying George Saunderson.

I left the house, walked bare-headed through the garden, and wandered off to the cliffs at the back. They were my favorite retreat, to which I often carried my work or a book, and there, sitting in a sheltered recess, I could look down in the deep blue sea, with their background of the swift scintillating Clyde, upon the broad bosom of which the river steamers and yachts went gaily to and fro. Preoccupied with my future, I wandered on, the sound of fresh breeze from the river fanning my burning forehead. The twilight deepened, and, as I saw the pier-lights were being lighted, I reproved myself for my tardiness in the cliff path was not much frequented, consequently I felt a little startled at the sound of a man's firm, light, quick step behind me brake upon the stillness of the evening air. It came nearer; at last the footsteps halted beside me, and a voice said—

"Miss Estcourt! Is it possible?"

It was Archie Campbell who spoke.

"Are you shocked to find me wandering about here at this hour of the evening?" I asked trying to speak gaily.

"No, indeed; I am quite lonely enough by yourself, for I saw your father just now at my uncle Andrew's."

"Yes; I know my father had gone to Glasgow, but I did not know he had gone to Mr. Campbell's.

He made some commonplace remark, and we walked along side by side, making spasmodic attempts at conversation. Presently Archie stopped suddenly, looking down at me, and, abruptly—

"Miss Estcourt, I wish to hear distinctly from your own lips if you are engaged to Mr. Saunderson."

"I am not."

"Then why does your father say so? I hear so many contradictory rumors, and I have a desire to know the exact truth."

Mr. Saunderson has asked me to marry him and my father wishes it, but I would die sooner than do so!" I cried, vehemently. "Only this evening I was thinking it would be better for me go away from home altogether."

"I quite agree with you," said he, dryly. For some time past I have thought you ought to leave home."

I made no answer, but stood there with a strange little pain at my heart at hearing him speak thus unconcernedly: evidently it was of no consequence to him whether I stayed or went. Bitter, regretful tears gathered slowly in my eyes—tears, idle tears, the cause of which I could not account for; and I was glad that the decreasing gloom hid them from my companion's gaze.

Silently I turned homewards, when Archie laid his hand upon my shoulder, and said, with a wonderful tenderness in his voice, so different from the tone in which he had last spoken—

"Maggie, will you share my home? I came here to night to ask you to be my wife."

My overwrought feelings could be controlled no longer, and I burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Tenderly, lovingly, Archie tried to soothe me, and led me down the cliff path. I heard him say—

"Yes, I know I meant it; but, whether I uttered the unsympathetic or not, Archie seemed to be quite satisfied. As we approached the house, I saw that the blinds in our sitting-room were drawn down and the lamp lighted, and therefore concluded that my father had come back unexpectedly. When the door was open I heard the sound of loud voices, and knew at that some of my father's customary boisterous guests were making merry within; involuntarily I shrank closer to Archie, who whispered—

"I think it better not say anything to your father to-night."

He had hardly uttered the words when a voice behind us said, somewhat gruffly—

"Mr. Campbell, take your arm from around that young lady! I request an explanation of your conduct!"

For answer, Archie stooped and kissed my forehead, and then, turning to Mr. Saunderson for it was he—replied—

"There is no explanation necessary or due to you. Miss Estcourt is my promised wife."

Mr. Saunderson uttered some imprecation, and advanced towards me. Archie placed himself in the way, and said—

"Go in, Maggie—this is no place for you," and as I entered the hall with Janet he shut the door.

I looked through the hall-window, and saw the two men walk away together.

As I sat at work the next evening I was sensed but startled to see my father, accompanied by Archie Campbell, looking very gloomy, ride up the path. The moment Janet opened the door I heard one of the men say to her—

"Was Mr. George Saunderson here last night?"

"Yes, sir, but he did not come in. He went away with Mr. Archie Campbell."

"Come in, gentlemen," said my father, in an agitated voice; "I don't understand this."

They entered the sitting-room, and he introduced me to the strangers.

The terrible story was soon told. Mr. Saunderson had been found fatally wounded on the road between Dunoon and Glasgow; Archie Campbell—rumored to have been his rival in my affections—having been seen in his company late on the evening of the murder, had been arrested on suspicion, and Janet and I were summoned to attend as witnesses at the trial, whenever it should take place.

For the next few days following I went about in a state of stupefaction, which I believe alone saved me from going mad. Archie a murderer! The idea was too preposterous to be entertained for one moment; and I nearly lost my reason from thinking that I was to be one of the principals in strengthening the absurd suspicion; for on the only occasion upon which my father had spoken to me rationally upon the subject he had said, grimly—

"You cannot avoid giving your evidence Probably you will be instrumental in hanging him."

From that moment one thought alone took possession of my mind—namely, how to avoid giving my evidence. I knew nothing about law; the very name rather inspired me with terror, and I had no one to look to for advice. Suddenly, as I sat one day with a sore heart and a throbbing head, I bethought me of Charlie Benson.

An hour and a half later I was knocking at his office door in dusty old East Court. I briefly stated that I had come to know if he, being a lawyer, could tell me of any method by which I could avoid being obliged to attend as a witness at Archie Campbell's trial for the murder of George Saunderson. Long and earnestly we talked the matter over, and Charlie said, sorrowfully—

"Poor little woman! I cannot tell you how I feel for you. There is no way in which you could legally avoid giving your evidence unless you were his wife."

"What?" I exclaimed. "Should I be advised from it if I were his wife?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Charlie, I'll go and ask him to marry me. I have loved him so much and no share his happiness; I would never have been a true wife if I were not willing to share his sorrows."

"I cause, cause, Maggie, you are excited," said Charley gravely; "I should never have told you of this if I had thought you would have taken so absurd a notion in your head. You certainly are the most important witness; but in my view by far the general opinion that it will go hard with poor Archie," and the tears came into the good fellow's eyes.

"Charlie, you need not try to dissuade me; it will be useless. Will you help me to procure me an interview with Archie?"

"Maggie, Maggie, you must think no more about this. I do not think it would be possible to procure you such an interview."

"It must be possible!" I exclaimed. I shall not rest till I see him! Do, Charlie, for the sake of our old acquaintance, try to help me!"

I knew that I was making a great sacrifice; dearly; besides, what Scotchman can refuse a request "for the sake of auld ling syne?" Suffice it to say that I triumphed over Charlie's scruples so far, that he afterwards I drove to the prison in company with him and a mutual friend, Doctor Wallace, whose sympathies we had also enlisted.

I was dressed plainly in black—emitsons attire for a wedding—and was so closely veiled as to defy recognition. We were at once admitted, and, leaning on Charlie Benson's arm, I entered the whitewashed cell occupied by Archie Campbell.

There he sat, with his back towards us, his bowed head resting upon his clasped hands. He did not move when the door was opened. I trembled violently from head to foot, and had to throw back my thick black veil in order to breathe more easily. Doctor Wallace and Charlie stayed near the door, while I advanced, and, laying my hand upon the downcast head, said, softly—

"Archie?" It was the first time I had called him by his Christian name.

He looked up with a bewildered expression, like that of a person suddenly awakening from sleep, but he made no gesture either of welcome or of recognition. I felt a sharp pang at the utter indifference of his manner, and gently smoothing the tangled curls from his damp brow, I asked:

"Archie, are you glad to see me?"

A great sob burst from him, and, taking both my hands in his, he kissed them, whilst his tears rained upon them thick and fast. I restrained my emotion, as only a woman strong in her love can restrain herself, and, putting my arm around his neck, I told him why I had come. I could not see his face, but his voice was very cold and constrained when he said—

"Maggie Estcourt, I wish I had never asked you to become my wife; I have since then repented it."

I slowly drew my arm away. We spoke in whispers, so that our two friends and the prison-warder should not hear, and I am sure my voice was very faint when I asked, tremulously—

"Then you were not in earnest when you asked me to become your wife?"

He bowed his head upon his hands again, but I resented his action. I loathed him, but he shrank from me, as I fancied, loathingly. So, mortified, wounded, and humbled, I rose from my knees and left the place. With instinctive good feeling Doctor Wallace and Charley did not question me upon the subject, and I returned home with a heavier heart than I felt since the day of the murder.

* * * * *

About a week afterwards, as I was preparing my father's breakfast one morning, Charley Benson and Doctor Wallace called. They looked very eager and excited. Charlie rushed over, seized my hands, and, shaking them heartily, exclaimed—

"He's all right—he's all right!" And mercy Charlie, in his irrepressible joy, was about to give me a hug of delight, when my father entered.

After the customary greetings, Doctor Wallace said—

"Mr. Estcourt, did you ever know a person of the name of William Kendal?"

"Yes," replied my father, "he was once a clerk under me. He embezzled money, and was transported for the offence."

"Well, he came back lately on a ticket-of-leave, vowing vengeance against you. He died in my hospital last night, and just before his death acknowledged that he murdered Mr. Saunderson in mistake for you, your height and general appearance being the same."

How fervently I thanked Heaven for Archie Campbell's escape—for one but myself could realize. I prayed that he might have long life and honors and happiness even more abundantly than he could hope for. In my deep joy I forgot that I had been cruelly deceived by him.

* * * * *

It was some time before the legal matters were finally arranged, and in the meantime my father, at my earnest request, had given up his connect to my going on a visit to an aunt living in the north of Scotland. I felt I could not yet run the chance of meeting Archie Campbell, my assumed student, I knew would give away, and I was too proud to let him see me.

My preparations for my journey were completed, and feeling lonely and dispirited, I thought I would take a ramble along my favorite cliff walk. I wandered aimlessly along, and at length sat down on a rustic seat cut in the side of the cliff. The crimson glory of the setting sun tinged the waters of the Clyde and the white sails of the yachts with a rosy hue. I thought of the last evening I had been there with Archie Campbell, and of my short dream of happiness so rudely dispelled. All the sorrow of the past few weeks rose up vividly before me—but my meditations were interrupted, for

A hand was on my shoulder. I knew the touch was Archie's.

I looked up and saw Archie Campbell standing before me. I was the first to speak.

"Good evening, Mr. Campbell. Allow me to congratulate you."

"Mr. Campbell? You once called me Archie. Maggie, I have come to retract the words I said to you on that miserable day. Will you forgive me for the pain I must have caused you? In your great love you came to me, and in my great love I sent you away. Maggie, I have come again to ask you to become my wife."

"Why were you so cruel to me?" I asked, still looking away over the Clyde.

"Because I did not know what the end would be. Maggie, I was only cruel. I would not have had you pointed out as the wife of a reputed murderer. Must I go away from you?"

I laid my hand on his outstretched one.

"No, Archie. But, if I thought then that you loved me, I should have insisted upon the marriage, for I have loved you all the same through evil report and good report."

* * * * *

There is many a silver streak in my dark hair now, and so for Archie, why, he has a most undeniable "frosty pow." But the dominie has gone no further—his heart is just the same—and he is fond of ajly telling our girls that their mother was once going to insist upon marrying him whether he liked it or not.

A FIGHTING PREACHER.

Somebody writing from Newburg, on the Hudson, tells the following story of Mr. Carney has been preaching in this vicinity for a few days past. He is known as 'the street preacher,' and it is said that he has been a number of times in prison. On one side of the cards he gives out are the words, 'Bishop A. J. Carney, founder of Independent Reform Church, New York and on the other, 'The World is my Circuit or Field of Labor, and the Human Family is my Parishioners.' Mr. Carney is a large man of powerful muscle, using just about what he thinks. He is not only a preacher, but a fighter and few days ago he whipped a man at Fishkill Landing for disturbing him while delivering one of his discourses.

"The person whom he thrashed is a well-known character named Dan Dewan. Mr. Carney was holding forth on the subject of Revenging at the Corners, Fishkill Landing. Dewan, who was evidently a little intoxicated, began yelling out some incoherent remarks. At once the 'Bishop' gave Dewan, as well as his hearers, distinctly to understand that he was not to be trifled with; he (Carney) was trying to save souls, but he was also a fighter, and would stand no foolishness. At first he gave Dan a nonsacing look, which everybody present saw meant business. The Bishop then resumed his discourse, but before he had proceeded far Dan became noisy again, yelling out that 'it wasn't so it was a lie.' Constable Stevenson, who is also a local preacher, was on the mountains, but it is thought before night or few days more there will be some great developments.

Something worthy of mentionand which suggests itself to my mind in writing of wars, is that in connection with the Paris Exposition of 1867, to be erected by Maynard in 1400, for a private residence, was appropriated a million of francs in 1811. The remarkable parts of the building are the cellars, where the bullion is kept. They are truly astonishing in their size and extent—one of them will just one permit at a time, and in case of an alarm or insurrection they can be inundated or filled with impregnable vaults.

There is great excitement here in consequence of the theft of bonds, committed within a few nights in the night express between Calais and Amiens, from London to Paris.

There was in a second wagon, was containing French, Italian, Austrian, and Egyptian bonds of the value of several millions of francs, destined (to what is called) exchange of stocks by M. Fremaux and Briguet. The experiment was for the object of finding out whether it would fulfill the necessary requirements for the safe transmission of large sums of money. The result was the exhibition of paintings at night. It was in one of the sales of Isabeau that the experiment took place. It did not attract a numerous audience, and the lateness of the hour, which was the cause of the public alone, to which they both indulged, each to the top of his bent, were quite unfavorable to the success of the scheme.

In fact, the animosity seemed destined to spread—for that is a very contagious quality of the mind—between the Jews and Christians, when certain knowing ones discovered on sober mature thought that other sects were equally entitled to the honor of being disgusted at quarrel between those monied dignitaries, and nomination fomented by the newspapers, and that the Jews were not the only ones who were to be blamed.

The following incidents took place at upon some other purpose, suddenly evoked. But that the numerous rioks of the Jewish persuasion on the occasion of the late Jewish festival of Purgar sometimes shall be excluded from the upper stratum is a consummation devoutly wished by some others.

Vesta.

HOUSEKEEPER.

POTATO CRUST FOR MEAT PIES.—One tablespoonful cream to six good-sized potatoes boiled and mashed fine, and salt and butter enough to roll; handle as lightly as possible.

SOOT SOAP.—Dissolve one pound of potash in two gallons of soft water; add two pounds of soot, and boil two hours; strain while stirring. Put aside, and in a few days you will have excellent soft soap.

TO SOFTEN BLACK GRENADINE.—Take one pint new milk, one of vinegar, and one of water. Put in a saucepan well cleansed, which dip into the mixture, and rub the grenadine, and allow to hang up in a cool place to dry.

HOUSEKEEPERS' CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter (heaping), one cupful of sweet potatoes (if soda, one small lemon; a little nutmeg a whole glass full of brandy, three eggs, and flour enough to make a thick batter (rising). Bake in pans.

CORDIAL CAKE.—Four cupfuls flour 2 cupfuls of sugar, 1 cupful of butter, 1 cupful of sweet cream, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, half a teaspoonful soda put in the butter, the other half put with the flour, three eggs, and a glass of wine. Bake in pans.

CREAM PUFFS.—Take cold roast lamb or veal, chop very fine, add the fat portions, chop very fine, and add water enough to make a thick paste. Boil the frying pan add butter to the proper amount to fry, and when boiling hot drop in the paste in small cakes and dipped into cracker or bread, and spread the cakes with jelly, and put two together.

MACARONING BATES.—Wash the mustard slowly in a basin of cold water, and when it is ready for use add a tablespoonful of mixed mustard, one and one half of sugar, one of vinegar, and one of salt. Let it stand for a few drops at a time, then after as a thousandth part of a grain of cayenne pepper, and one of salt well, then add the beaten yolk of a raw egg.

CHEAP SPONGE FROM CAKES.—Take four lb. sugar, four lb. flour, four eggs, and a little water, forming a tablespoonful of powdered borax; make into small cakes, and bake. When wanted for use break and a very little soap; rinse well with clean water, and dry. Will be found very useful for washing leather cloth; then open the windows and let it remain to dry quickly.

TO CLEAN BLACK CASHMERE.—If the cashmere only requires cleaning and not dyeing, it may be done by much shaking and brushing; then sponge it all over with a piece of flannel dipped in cold tea, and a piece of pounded red borax to a quart of tea; make it quite hot, and iron on the wrong side. Another way is to wash with a very little soap, rinse off with clean water. If necessary, press with a hot iron on the wrong side.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Put two quarts of ripe raspberries in a stone jar, and cover them with a pint and a quart of vinegar; let it stand for twenty-four hours, then strain it, but do not squeeze the fruit; add to every pint of juice two pints of fresh raspberries and let it stand for twenty-four hours more; then strain it and to every pint of juice add a pound of sugar; let it stand so that the sugar will dissolve; then put it in bottles and cork tightly. Two tablespoonfuls to a tumbler of water, boil for one hour; skim it when cold; strain through a jelly bag.

CAN PINEAPPLES.—Pare and cut in small pieces taking out the core and center, then fill the jars with the fruit, and to every pound of fruit add a pound of white sugar in a teacupful of boiling water and boil a few minutes, then pour over the fruit, and put the jars in a boiler of cold water putting a rail under them to keep them from the bottom of the boiler; they should stand with the water one third from the top of the jars, and boil for three hours or more. This is also an excellent receipt for canning peaches, bartlett pears and cherries.

Glass Eyes for Horses.

The New York Sun says: Artificial eyes for horses have been made for several years past in Vienna, and to some extent in the United States. M. de la Grandiere, a Frenchman, who has been dead for some years, was an expert in this business, and made a large number of eyes for horses. These eyes were about ten times as good as artificial human eyes, and are not made hollow like those for a human being, but are solid; and herein lies the difficulty in giving them their proper tone. There is only one person in this city who manufactures artificial eyes for horses. They are made entirely by hand, by Mr. Hahn himself. They require the skillful handling of a superior workman. They are not kept on sale, but are made only on order. A model of the empty socket is necessary to the work, and with the aid of this a glass eye can be made that will defy all save the most accomplished experts.

It is safer to affront some people than it is oblige them; for the better a man deserves the worse they will speak of him.—Seneca.

FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

PARIS, June 8, 1867.

The public are recovering a little from the effects of the crisis, which seemed for a while coming as it did, so unexpectedly; almost to have passed out every one, but now that the stunning effect has passed off a little they discussed and commented upon by all the leading journals.

Some treat this recent act of MacMahon's with great harshness, and blame him for yielding to illconsidered counsels; and even go so far as to assert that if the Duc de Broglie was not prime minister in this affair, he held at least a very conspicuous part in it, and had he opposed it, it never could have succeeded.

It is said that the Marshal always acted from his regular cabinet meetings, and discussed matters with a secret cabinet presided over by Duc de Broglie. Whether that is true or not, it is certain that M. de Broglie had his fullest confidence.

No matter in which light this is all viewed, it was certainly a perilous undertaking, for the French people have a sublime confidence in their own powers of self-government, and a supreme contempt for any one orderly beer "gardens, where old Gambetism, the king of the beer barrels, holds his mighty revels during the hot summer evenings.

Just now the excursionists is abroad in the land, and every holiday capable of excursion finds itself in crowded steamboats. Every morning barges and steamboats, laden with New York's tired denizens, pass through the narrows, and down the magnificent course of the harbor to Long Island's sea-girt shore, or up the swelling bosom of the Hudson, past its magnificent scenery, to the cooling shades of Lake Mahopac, mellowed over the waves, the cool-inspiring straits of the excursion band, the soft breathings of the flute and clarionet, and the deep bass of the trombone. There is held 'till long past the dewy evening the saturnalia of dancing and festivity among the rural population, and the excursionists finds them up from the cabin of the steamer, and the crowded waists, with other dances of the more ancient order without number, and without end.

Then the homeward journey, with its fatigue and good humored hilarity prevail; but nevertheless, by that observed, it is evident that the people are happy, quite as much as with that distilled damnation

—and whisky, and a free fight varies the monotony of the excursion, and gives a zest to the whole.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA
1877

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 30, 1877

DOUBTFUL WHAT POINT AS A NOVELIST.

Whilst one of the greatest fiction writers the world has ever seen, and, undoubtedly, the most popular, Charles Dickens, as a novelist, had a terribly glaring fault, one that he never succeeded entirely in overcoming. This fault, which constituted his only weak point in a literary sense, was lack of constructive ability as applied to plot-making. We say that he never succeeded entirely in overcoming this difficulty, because, after long years of practice and natural gifts with the pen, he did correct it partially. This result was obtained in "Bleak House," and the fragment of "Edwin Drood." These novels have fair plots, and, with perhaps the exception of "Our Mutual Friend," are the only ones of Dickens' fictions that are so endowed. In "Bleak House," the mystery surrounding Lady Dedlock is well-conceived and carried out, though it is easily penetrated midway in the story by any practised and critical novel reader. Still it has a certain degree of tangibility and depth, and it is in reality an artistic work. In "Edwin Drood" the plot promised better things, and, had Dickens lived to finish it, the promise would, in all probability, have been amply fulfilled.

Dickens' forte was character-sketching; he threw his whole soul into it, and so he succeeded in filling his books with odd and striking personages, he did not seem to care much whether he had a plot or not. The result of this is that whilst all who have read his works will continue to remember Sam Weller, Tony Weller, Mr. Pickwick, Oliver Twist, Bill Sikes, Fagin, Mr. Dombey, Captain Cuttle, Jack Bunsby, Little Nell, the Marchioness, Dick Swiveller, and all the rest of the marvellous human creations that sprang into being at the touch of Dickens' pen, not one in a hundred of his readers will be able to tell, after having laid aside the volumes for a month or two, what are the plots of the "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Dombey and Son," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and the rest of their companion fictions. Isolated scenes and incidents will be remembered, it is true; but these, on a close examination will be found to owe their preservation to the happy style of dialogue and to that alone, whilst their particular connection with or relation to the plots cannot in any instance be recalled.

In order to more fully comprehend the weakness of the majority of Dickens' plots, it is only necessary to compare them with those of Wilkie Collins, which are among the most massive, intricate and artistic in the English language. Collins is not by any means the writer that Dickens was, and as a character delineator he falls very far below him, but he is an unrivalled plot-maker, and Dickens' plots placed in conjunction with his make but a beggarly show indeed. They are as water compared with the strongest brandy. Put "Oliver Twist" beside "The Woman in White" or "The Moonstone" and examine the plots of each thread by thread. What will be the result? The plot of "Oliver Twist" will be dwarfed into utter insignificance by the comparison; not that "The Woman in White" or "The Moonstone" can be called equal to "Oliver Twist" in other respects, for neither approaches it in any way except in plot, in which, as we said, each of Collins' productions take the lead and keep it. But Dickens wrote pre-eminently for the people, the unlearned masses, for men and women who are not critical readers of books, and who with such his poetent and piquant character sketches made up for all deficiency in the way of plot. Still his lack of constructive ability, especially in his earlier novels, is a blot upon his artistic reputation, a weak spot that will forever mar the critic's who justly consider that in a work of fiction plot, character-sketching, description and dialogue should go hand in hand; usually, neither one nor the other of them being made subordinate, and neither one nor the other being accorded undue prominence.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Before another issue of the Post, the people of this country will be called upon to celebrate the one hundred and first anniversary of the signing of the Declaration which gave the United States a free and honored position among the [illegible] of the earth. Let us hope that the celebration will be an ardent one in all parts of that broad land. North, South, [illegible] and West. Whatever may have been the [illegible] and dissensions and disagreements and we can safely say that the Fourth of July, 1877, finds us all Americans in the fullest sense of that comprehensive word.

Of course, the time-honored custom of [illegible] will be indulged in on this one hundred and first birthday of the Nation, and it is meet that the doings of our worthy ancestors should be imitated in this respect. The smell of powder will serve to revive the blessed memories of '76, the "times that tried men's souls," and let us hope that those memories will be renewed alike from the Pacific to the Atlantic and from the Lakes to the Gulf, to the sound of the boy's firecracker and the accompaniment of the dear old martial strains which fired the hearts of Washington, Marion, Putnam, Greene, Sumpter, Wayne, and all the rest of the Revolutionary patriots "who fought and bled in freedom's cause!"

Last Fourth of July we had in this city, as the guests of the Nation, representatives from all portions of the civilized globe, all of whom had come to this Republic in honor of the "Centennial." This year we have only ourselves to look after, and truly ourselves to please. Let us please ourselves, then, by honoring the whole country, the undivided Union our fathers gave us, by a hearty celebration of its day of days. Let us have an old-fashioned Fourth of July, such as we used to have in times of yore!

We can afford such a celebration, and, besides, we need it. We need to bear the old Declaration read to universal applause throughout the land, and to clasp hands, as our fathers did, in cordial and patriotic unity. Let these things be done, and we, as a people, will be all the better for "the day we celebrate!"

A MAGNIFICENT ENTERPRISE.

It remained for the Centennial Exhibition to develop the idea of a permanent National Bureau, where the products and resources of all the States and Territories can be continually on exhibition for the information and guide of those who are seeking for new homes and investments, but although the idea was developed, no one seemed to grasp it sufficiently to put it into practical operation until it attracted the attention of a citizen of this city. We refer to Col. Lee Crandall. Having for nearly a quarter of a century made immigration a study, he conceived the plan of establishing what he terms a "National Immigration Bureau," in which the exhibits of all the States and Territories can be perpetually kept before the country. As soon as his plans were matured he applied for and secured the use of Machinery Hall, which covers fourteen acres, for such a Bureau. There he is now located and receiving contributions from the different sections of the entire country. Of course an institution of this character will be of slow growth, by reason of its magnitude, but the day is not far distant when persons will not have to ask concerning the resources of any State can there be answered and to a considerable extent illustrated, for specimens of minerals, vegetable productions, manufactures, works of art, the laws, statistics, rates of taxation, and, in short, all descriptions of lands for sale, abstract of titles, maps of all the railroad routes, and, in fact, information concerning the resources of the entire country can there be obtained. Such an institution will be the United States in miniature, much more so in time than the Centennial Exhibition was.

As its name implies, the National Immigration Bureau is being established for the purpose of encouraging and promoting immigration in all the States that desire it, and at the proper time agencies will be established in Europe and other foreign countries to aid and assist this National Bureau. When the immigrants flock to our shores in search of homes the influence arrive in this city they will not, as some suppose, be quartered in Machinery Hall, but in the other sections of the city. Their wants are the plots of the "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Dombey and Son," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and the rest of their companion fictions. Isolated scenes and incidents will be remembered, it is true; but these, on a close examination will be found to owe their preservation to the happy style of dialogue and to that alone, whilst their particular connection with or relation to the plots cannot in any instance be recalled.

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turesque spot some romantic legend connected with it."

The Venus de Milo, one of the most exquisite statues that have come down to us from antiquity, after having been without arms ever since its recovery, is at length about to have them restored to it. Since 1834, this statue has been a conspicuous ornament of the Paris Louvre, and has attracted the admiration of legions of artists and art-critics. All lovers of the beautiful will rejoice that the mutilated treasure is about to recover its full charms. The statue was found in this way: A midshipman in the French navy, named Vautier, landed upon the Island of Milo, and chanced upon a peasant who had dug up the figure, of which the arms were missing, and was about to throw it away, when Vautier purchased it from him, and conveyed it to France. The finding of the missing arms was reminded to the world by Gen. Meredith Read, the United States Charge d'Affaires at Athens. The General says that both arms were found on the island of Milo, within a distance of less than thirty feet from where the statue itself was taken in 1820. These arms have been the subject of much speculation as to their position, and all lovers of art will be curious to see them restored to the statue. They are said to be exquisitely modeled, and one holds a disk or shield. A curious coincidence occurred with the discovery, the death of the discoverer of the statue, Col. Vautier, having taken place at about the same time as the finding of the arms.

Blue Glass is fated, and the mania for it as a curative agent is slowly but surely dying out. It is said to have received a partial test during the past year in Danville, N. Y., at a well-known hygienic establishment, and it is lavishly, representing a great variety of diseases, having been subjected to the blue light. The results were a few remarkable cures; in a majority of cases benefit; in a minority no obvious or noteworty improvement; in no case any injury. But in view of all the facts, Dr. Jackson, of the institute, concludes that the benefit is decidedly less than from pure sunlight. He rejects entirely the theories of General Pleasanton, and thinks that next to sunlight the imagination is the important element in what cures have been effected.

Rev. Dr. Deems don't believe in putting all his sleepless into his sermons. He writes one-half and preaches the other instead. He thus defines his plan, which enables him to work hard without either becoming weary or injuring his health: "I keep a Sabbath. Few ministers do. Many years I have on Friday night I go to bed and, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and no one must wake me until Sunday morning, even if the Sunday Magazine should suspend, or the Church of the Strangers burn down. I never yet have slept that long, as I generally rise on Saturday afternoon to boil for an hour in the Russian bath. Generally, on Saturday night, I cannot recollect what the texts for Sunday are, having put the preparation entirely away. Such a regimen enables me to begin fresh on Sunday, and work until Friday night like a house on fire and the wind blowing."

The Bank of England people are exceedingly careful about the manufacture of the paper on which their bills are printed. The following account will serve to show how this manufacture is effected: Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings, never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared, that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. They are made at one stoke, on the river Wait, in Hampshire, by a family named Portal, descended from a French Huguenot refugee, and have been made by the same family more than one hundred and fifty years. Some fifteen years ago, the secret of the water mark was stolen by the complicity of an employe, and this occasioned great trouble, as the printing is a comparatively easy matter—the great difficulty with forgers is to get the paper. The secret was buried within the bank building, and there is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like another.

It may interest those scientifically inclined to know that the Land Plaster of the melting thing it has long been esteemed, but we imagine that the public at large will hardly be gratified to learn that sugar and cod liver oil participate in the benefit derived from the new species of fertilizer, which is said for delicate canines. A contemporary tells the story. It says: "Dead dogs are really an odd kind of merchandise; yet there is a firm in San Francisco which purchases at fifty cents each all which are found in the city pound. The skins are removed and sold to the tanners, the hair is disposed of to the plasterers, and then the carcasses are thrown into a large boiler and kept until the bones are separated from the flesh, and these are sold to the sugar refiners. The grease that rises to the surface is made into cod liver oil—at least so it is stated."

Bashful Basketsful of Items.

Office of P. M. Machmark,
Editor Nebraska Wigwam.
Platysmouth, Neb., June 11th, 1877.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Please send me your best specimen of your very successful effort to get up a cheap, good, large, full, interesting, live, wide-awake family Journal. I hope it will have an extensive circulation; such a publication is needed in the Far West. Columbus, the adventurous Dutchman, Heinrich Hudson, sailed into it in 1609, its history has abounded with picturesque incidents. The voyager is constantly on the alert to catch glimpses of this or that point connected with the legends of the early Dutch times, or the war of the Revolution. At Tarrytown he thinks of Arnold's treason and Andre's capture, as he catches sight of the vine-clad villa of Sunnyside, he recalls the genius of Irving, which has illuminated all this land. There, on its green knoll, is the little Dutch church immortalized in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;" Stony Point reminds him of the gallant exploit of "mad Anthony Wayne; here, in the Highlands, the chain was stretched across the river to stop the British ships; this precipice has its tradition—that of the Indian maiden by Capt. Molly—and Old Cro' Nest reminds him of Washington's visit to Mrs. Dudley. Then, to begin at the other end of the river, there is Sleepy Hollow, Tarrytown, Sunnyside, Irving's home, Tappan, where Andre was executed, Piermont, Nyack, Haverstraw, Stony Point, Peekskill, Fishkill, Newburgh, Cro' Nest, Cornwall, West Point, Fort Montgomery, Highland Falls, Cozzens', Fort Putnam, Constitution Island, Fort Clinton, Fort Montgomery, Anthony's Nose, Peekskill, Verplanck's Point, Stony Point, Haverstraw, Nyack, Piermont, Tappan

HONOR'S HEART.

BY J. S. T.

1.
Some faithless friends could not deprive,
For Honor's Heart is still alive!

2.
And though with inward weeping wet
It's tenderness is dauntless yet!

3.
It's high, heroic pride's unbowed!
It's courtesy contemns the crowd!

4.
It's truth is like the Northern Star—
As steady, clear, and flashing far!

5.
It's faithful love is undismayed,
Though basely ambushed and betrayed.

6.
Thus all it's force is potent still,
And governed by a royal will.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

Author of a "Woman's Vow," "Wrung from the Grave," "Husband of Which," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 40, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CHANGE OF FORTUNE FOR CASTLETON VANE.

From the morning after the discovery of the knife, Vane and Perry were placed under the charge of two particular custodians. Castleton fell to the lot of Mad Charley, and another even more cruel savage called Wassamato took charge of his fellow prisoner.

The conduct of the last named Indian was often so inhuman, that Vane felt like springing up and dealing the villain one desperate blow which he could never forget, though its infliction should cost him his own life. Mad Charley was sometimes frolicsome and even pleasant, but Wassamato kept up the most systematic course of cruelty towards his prisoner. He even seemed to be trying how little one might live on; and on several occasions when Matt. Perry had only begun to partake with visible relish of the viands set before him, Wassamato would rush up and snatch away platter or wooden bowl, rudely commanding him to desist, as he had already had more than he had designed allowing him to take. Mad Charley, on the other hand, declared that his chief object was to keep life in his slave, and as the surest means of doing this was to feed him well, he would allow him to cousume as much food as he desired.

Hence, Castleton having his own wants in this respect abundantly supplied, was constantly prompted to supply the deficiencies of his friend, but he was nearly always compelled to abstain from so doing, for fear that the discovery might provoke the fiercest indignation of the brutal wretch, and that the punishment of his companion might thereby be increased. But alarms of a very different nature were brought to bear upon Castleton Vane.

One day about noon, the negro York shuffled by degrees into speaking distance, and signified to Castleton by a certain pantomimic manner, that he had something of importance to communicate to him, and Vane giving him to understand that he comprehended him, soon availed himself of an opportunity to put himself at his side.

"What is it?" he whispered.

"By to-morrow night we will reach their village."

"Ah?"

"Yes."

"Well, and what then?"

"What then," repeated York, ominously rolling the whites of his eyes, "They will have a war dance about you, and you will be chained like a dog amongst them for life; no chance of getting away then."

"How," said Vane, anxiously. "I do not understand you."

"Mad Charley's friend Tahoe has been killed in this raid."

"Well!"

"He does not like Tahoe's squaw."

"Well!" again said Vane, growing impatient. "What have I to do with that?"

"Much. He is bound to supply Tahoe's place in some way."

"In heaven's name go on!"

"Her husband killed," said York, oracularly, "she or her family demand Mad Charley's life, unless he bring substitute for Tahoe. Mad Charley no be her husband and de fader to her children. You his captive. He make you take his place."

"Do you mean," said Castleton in dismay, "that he would marry me to a filthy squaw?"

York's face lighted up. He was charmed to have been understood so readily.

"Dat's it," he whispered with a nod. "She older nor your mudder. She had nine children."

Good heavens! what a fate was staring him in the face. He felt almost paralyzed by the intelligence which he had received. Up to this hour the hopefulness of youth had continued to animate him, and he had never despaired of being eventually restored to Iola, and of making her his wife. He knew how much had been accomplished in the history of the world, and of individuals by perseverance, and he had felt confident that if he could only effect his escape from his own captors that he would be able to find and rescue her before it was too late, but now the darkest forebodings filled his mind. What if he should reach their village, and be eternally held in captivity by the jealous vigilance of a hateful wife, who should be thrust upon him in spite of every protest that he could utter.

The Indians now confident of reaching their home in safety, fell likewise to talking unreservedly of their captives and these and other circumstances which should attend their reception.

Vane was watching attentively every change in their surroundings, and, happening to be near Perry an hour or so before nightfall, he requested him also to be on the alert, as he intended, at all hazards, to attempt an escape before the dawn of another day.

He looked around him in vain, endeavoring to ascertain the wherabouts of York, whom he had not seen for an hour or more, and whose unprecedented absence had begun to perplex and annoy him.

But the gloom which was fast gathering over his mind was suddenly dispelled in a measure by the appearance of the negro, under most encouraging circumstances.

It appeared that he had gone out some hours before with a foraging party who had come upon a tent that had been occupied by some predatory, hunting Indians who had with them a quantity of whisky, of which his party had drank freely, and had brought away a large supply.

The wildest shouts were set up when the keg of liquor was brought in, and from Red Bluff down the party went to drinking profusely. Even Wassamato relented, and tendered his prisoner some, but Perry partook as sparingly as he dared without giving offence, for he hoped to have need of all the deliberate self-possession that he could command.

The scenes which had been enacted on the Colorado were now to be rehearsed again. The more unprincipled were bartering their goods to others for their portion of the whisky, until not unfrequently possessions that would have sold among the whites for as much as fifty dollars were given for a single drink. There was still enough, however, for every one to partake to a greater or less extent, and in a short time the most disgusting revelry had set in, some half a dozen remaining, as it was thought, sufficiently sober to keep guard. But by the time it had been generally distributed, a twinkle from York's eye led Vane to suppose that everything was working most prosperously, and indeed the wildest mirth prevailed for an hour or more, all of the savages rising at last and indulging in the famous war-dance, consisting of a series of frightful yells and extravagant gestures, indulged in until the whole party were completely exhausted.

After this an abundant supper was provided, consisting of fresh deer and bear's meat cooked in various forms, and served without bread or salt in numbers of wooden trenchers arranged on the earth, every one seating himself around in the circle. Castleton and Matt Perry were both invited again to partake, but as their minds were much preoccupied, and neither the viands nor method of preparing them, were in accordance with their taste, they ate but sparingly.

As the night advanced, and the time for retiring drew near York again shuffled up to Castleton's side.

"When do you think they will fall asleep?" asked the latter in a whisper.

"Dey droppin' off now by dozens," replied the negro. "Look 'round, I done fire 'em."

"How?"

"Done an' put de juice ob de weed in deir dram."

"I do not understand."

"Here," said York, pulling up a little shrub from the earth that had much the appearance of Indian hemp. "Squeeze out de juice ub dat sa' it put you to sleep till you nebber hear it thunder. I done put dat in dar meat and in dar whisky, sar."

"But how do you know it will put one to sleep?" questioned Vane, anxiously.

"Lor! I done seen 'em try it too often. Be cautious, massa; don't talk loud. Dey all done took enough but Mad Charley. I'm fear'n he 'spicion us."

Vane glanced around anxiously. He had indeed observed that his guide had partaken but sparingly, and that he was now sitting silently in but a few yards of them.

"What is to be done?" said Vane in despair, "if he should remain awake."

"Dunno; gues I strike him on de head wid a tomerhork after all de rest done knock under."

But this caution came too late. Mad Charley had been secretly observing them all the while that he had seemed absorbed in moody contemplation, and noticing the earnestness of the conversation between Castleton and his humble friend, at once conceived the suspicion that they were together concerning some means of escape. And as he now saw them turn towards him, he sprang up with a tremendous yell that aroused a number of the drunken party, who were just beginning to feel the stupor, and came rushing towards them with their tomahawks in hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IOLA'S APPEAL.

"Save, oh, save me!" cried Iola, rushing towards the gate with her hands spread out in the wildest alarm, and the pallor of death upon her pretty face. "Save me, or that cruel woman and her friends will murder me in the absence of your chief. See, she is coming after me!" She fairly screamed, throwing herself on her knees before the first man whom she chanced to encounter, and glancing back in terror at Jane Seymour, who came swooping down the steps with more graceful leisure after her. "Oh, let me get out from this hateful place, and find my way alone, if need be, to my friends."

"What is it? What is the row?" asked the man's voice, while others crowded curiously around.

"They want to force me into a hateful marriage; and I will die first," sobbed Iola eagerly. "Oh, good sir! by the memory of your mother take me away. They have my mother shut up in a lonely attic now. I am Iola Dare. This house and all that pertains to it belongs to me. It is mine by inheritance, mine by law, and I will make it all over to you if you will only get me away from here to my friends."

"What is all this?"

A man had pushed his way abruptly through the crowd, and now stood at her side. She looked up and recognized Miles Gray. Much as she had disliked him at her own home, on their long home, and above all, on the various occasions when he had thrust himself upon her after he had made himself known, she felt an absolute relief in finding him near her now; for, in spite of his want of principle, she had seen him when she had believed him to be touched by some emotions of sympathy or pity, and the hope was born of her desperate circumstances, that even he might prove a friend in this most trying ordeal of her life.

"Oh, save me! save me!" she still implored with her hands outstretched to him. "It was through your instrumentality that I was brought here. Do not let them sacrifice me in this brutal manner, or God will hold you to account. You know that what I am saying is true; you know that all this property is mine by right; and, oh! I will renounce it forever, only—only, do not let me marry the wretch whose conduct has murdered his own father, and who has helped to blight all our lives."

"Hush!" said Miles Gray in a low tone as he clasped her hand, "you do not know what you are saying; you endanger your very life. Now, Miss Seymour, what is all this about?"

"The young lady is as mad as her mother," said Miss Seymour, dryly, "and she has cunningly managed to escape from my hands to-day, as I was beguiled into thinking her sane enough to bring her down stairs for a while. She has had everything that heart could wish. You have all heard her assert that Captain Malvern Cushing's estate and all its appurtenances belonged to her. The same kind of lunacy which has beset her mother for so long. They are unfortunate relatives of your chief, whom he does not wish to send off among callous strangers. I beg that you will help me to hold her, for she is in one of her paroxysms now, and I could not think of doing so."

Iola drew back in positive horror at this deliberate falsehood, for that any of them could for a moment believe her insane, she had not the faintest suspicion; while, unfortunately, her conduct in the last few moments would have tended to confirm such an impression in the minds of all. The mental anxiety under which she had so long labored having, unfortunately, wrought up her nervous system until she appeared positively wild.

"Speak to them!" she exclaimed to Miles Gay, something of her old spirit being suddenly aroused that he could so long remain silent. "You know that what she says is false, and that I am as sane as she or any of you can be."

"I know," said Miles Gay, securing her hands in his own while he glanced at his companions. "I know. But you must go back and help wait on your mother. Think how lonely she is; and that is all you are required to do." He had turned back towards the house, and was drawing her after him, while the men crowded around to have a better look at her pretty face.

"Stand back, all of you," called out Miles, authoritatively. "The girl has had brain fever and is a little incoherent, but what of that! The physicians all declare that with a little careful nursing she will soon be well. Come, my dear, you must go back to your kind mamma," and he still drew Iola after him. She looked around at the coarse, hirsute faces and uncombed heads of the men behind her, and she read in their countenances only an eager curiosity and vulgar admiration, but not one touch of pity or flush of awakened chivalry. Already they were whispering to each other in some brutal jests that provoked a general laugh.

She turned her eyes upon the face of the woman who glared down at her, and read there only a flash of vindictive triumph. Might as well appeal to the stocks and stones about her, as to her. She had no alternative but to trust this man who had heretofore been mainly instrumental in betraying her, and she took hope from the earnest clasp which he gave her hand as he led her up the steps.

"We can not wonder, Miss Seymour," he said, "that young birds when first shut in from the free air of heaven, should pine and flutter against the bars of their cage. But they grow accustomed to it after a while, and we begin to hear even sweeter notes than ever come to us from the outer world. She has already found, I presume, that her wings are broken and she will go back with you."

"Are you ready?" asked the nurse with a mock courtesy, as she turned to open the door.

"Be warned. Be submissive!" whispered Miles, as the other's back was turned, "and I will keep my promise."

Miss Seymour had caught an indistinct whisper, and turned quickly. But Miles was leaning with a lover-like expression towards Iola, and she only concluded that he had given utterance to some gallant compliment.

Iola turned back to look at him for one moment and then stepped forward.

"I will follow you!"

"Upon reflection," said Jane, with compressed lips, "You had better precede; you might endeavor to give me the dodge again, as you did just now." She stepped back with a waive of the hand, and Iola, too indignant, and at the same time too powerless to reply, looked rather than spoke an adieu to Miles Gay, and ascended the steps. This time she did not pause until she had reached the floor of her own and her mother's prison cells, for they could be called little else. Then she turned to her escort with much of her old self possession, and a tone of haughty inquiry:

"Will I be permitted to go to my mother now?"

"Not for some hours at least."

"You have your orders?"

"I have my orders."

"Ah! Then I am glad to see that it is not always your province to command," said Iola, with a contemptuous curve of the lip. "I shall seek my room with less reluctance from that thought, and if there can be no pleasure derived from the reflection that it is your province always to obey, you will at least do well to remember it," answered the woman with a heightened color.

Iola was ordinarily a woman of strong nerve, and if she is our heroine, we must confess that she was not entirely devoid of some womanly feeling of temper. Her eyes flashed fire at this response, and it was with extreme difficulty that she toned down her voice to one of cold sarcasm.

"When your master commands you to deliver me a message," she said, "you will be compelled to do so; but you can keep your advice for some one who will listen to and appreciate it."

"You may learn to do both before the end of the chapter," retorted the woman with another malicious twinkle, and Iola fearing to trust herself further, went into her own room, and hurriedly closed the door after her.

She had thrown herself across her bed, when she heard Jane turn the key carefully in the lock, slip a bolt into its place and walk away. The veins in her temples were throbbing as though they would burst, and she could almost hear the beating of her own heart, as she lay environed by such profound stillness for the next hour, asking herself a thousand questions, and striving to solve some method by which she might hope to escape her present perils. Sometimes she would start up under the impression that she had heard her mother cry out, or that she could catch the sound of her rapid footsteps passing the floor of her solitary room beyond, and then those other perplexing thoughts would come back.

Could she trust Miles Gay, after all the deceptions he had practiced upon her? Would he in reality come to her rescue now if he could? And could he if he would?

Suppose that heartless villain, William Whitfield, should return, and insist upon her fulfilling the old contract, and becoming his wife, as he had vowed she should, before the dawn of another day. Where was her power to resist? What could one man, be that man ever so willing, do against the dozen at least whom she had seen, if no more, and whom Miles Gay himself had declared as ready to die as to disobey the command of their chief. They would all have no hope of reaping any reward by befriending her; while they were stalled and fed in safety, after depredations, that might have made them rich, at Malvern Cushing's expense.

She lay ceaselessly revolving these questions in her mind until the constant strain brought about exhaustion, and she fell asleep. She was awakened at last by a step outside her door, and sprang up under the impression that some one was coming into her room; but the tread, evidently a man's from the weight, passed on, and she heard the sound of opening doors beyond. It was some one going in to see her mother.

She pushed back the glossy masses of dark hair from her brow and looked hopelessly about her. She had slept some time and the night was rapidly closing in. With the return of thought a sickening shudder ran through her whole frame. What if it was Whitfield already returned?

She crept breathlessly to the key hole and stooped down to listen. The outside door leading into her mother's cage was open, and though she could see nothing, she could distinguish the sound of two voices engaged in conversation. Strain her hearing as she would she could not distinguish a word that was said, and yet the voices were unmistakably those of the returned robber and her mother. The former in a tone of intense objurgation or angry threats, the latter low and abjectly pleading.

So eager was Iola to catch some warning clue to their conversation that she had taken no notice of a step in the opposite direction and was startled into the utterance of a faint scream, by the sudden thrusting of a key into the lock, and she had barely time to spring back a few paces, when the door was thrown open, and Jane Seymour glided in.

"Ah, Miss Dare," she said in soft accents, "all alone in the dark. Were you so intent upon eavesdropping that you forgot your lamp, and have you not found how infallible is the saying that such persons never hear good of themselves?"

Iola was still trembling with fear, but that did not prevent her from saying rather sharply:

"Where is Junietta? I much prefer that you should not demand yourself by waiting in my rooms."

"I have my orders," said the nurse, with a cruel laugh, "but I may as well inform you that Junietta is not in the house. She accompanied her mistress."

Jane Seymour stepped across to the mantel, and after several efforts to strike a match, she succeeded in lighting a lamp, and then another and yet another. She had turned them to their highest focus, when she wheeled about and faced Iola—perhaps she had wished to read attentively the expression of her countenance.

"Was it love that put you on the alert?" she presently said, "I see you are aware that your husband has come."

"Peace!" said Iola, sharply, though she grew almost as white as the wall beyond her. "My room at least shall be my castle, and you shall not come here to insult me!"

"I cry your pardon, and assure you that I had no such intention," replied the woman, with feigned humility. "I would not be so fool-hardy as wantonly to provoke one who is so soon to be my second best mistress."

"What was your errand here?" said Iola with a dignity that would have elicited the admiration of anyone who beheld her. "For I insist that you execute it at once and begone. You fill me with horror; for heaven must surely refuse to have mercy on one woman who could wickedly taunt another when that other is situated as I am."

"But do you see what my situation is?" asked Jane Seymour with an energy that frightened Iola. "Do you know what you and the likes of you brought on me? You cannot see why it is that I have sworn to inflict all that I have suffered upon every human being that comes within my power."

"No," answered Iola with surprise, "I do not. But if you have suffered, let it be in what way it will, I see all the stronger reason why we should be drawn towards each other with the stronger womanly sympathy. Why, though the world turn against us, we should try to aid and comfort each other in every manner that we can."

For one instant a sympathetic chord seemed to be touched, and a single gleam of softened light shone in Jane Seymour's eyes; but it was gone ere Iola could speak again, and she was moving toward the door with head erect.

"My errand is not quite done," she said. "I was requested to command you to prepare your most becoming toilette for supper, which will be ready in half an hour, when your cousin will come up to escort you down," and going out she again closed and locked the door.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN UNEXPECTED SUMMONS.

As may be surmised, not many moments of the next half hour were passed by Iola in the arrangement of her toilette for tea, in spite of the command which she had received. She had unfastened her dress on lying down to sleep, and when she had buttoned it again, she did not even smooth out the folds from her crumpled skirts, or stand before the glass to see if her collar were not awry. The wavy masses of dark hair had fallen low over the fair brow but she ran her taper fingers through them in lieu of a comb, and thrust them back from her temples. Then she sat down in a rocking chair and began to toss herself to and fro. She was still in this position when the inevitable key was again heard in the lock, and Jane Seymour looked in.

"Are you ready, Miss?"

"No, I will not go down."

"You will not be persuaded, in spite of all that I have said?"

"No."

There was another step from without and a man's form appeared in the doorway.

"You can go down, Miss Seymour, I shall have no further need for your services."

Iola looked up and uttered a faint scream, as she recognized the intruder.

"So, you would not come down without me, cousin?" he said, with a lame attempt at pleasantry, as he advanced into the room.

"No," she cried. "I wish no supper, and above all I desire to be left alone."

"Have I not a right here?" he asked in a tone that was intended to be reproachful, as he attempted to draw up a chair to her side.

"No, a thousand times no," she returned springing up and confronting him with a momentary lightning in her eyes. "You would have no right under heaven to disgrace the threshold below by crossing it, for it rightly belongs to me. Then above all, how dare you intrude into my chamber, sir?"

"Has not a husband the right to enter his wife's room, Iola?"

"Just heaven, hear the wretch!" she exclaimed passionately. "When he has brought about the death of my dear father and dear mother, and has blighted every hope of my young life, he dares to call himself my husband!"

"Aye, if I am not already, I propose to be in the next hour or so," he said, with a gruff, half angry laugh. "You profess to be a lady of principle, and should keep your word. I am ready to take you down to tea."

"I will not go."

"Not even with your mother?"

"If you are along, no!"

"Then, my dear, what do you say to my remaining here with you? It shall be just as you wish." He was looking down at her with an expression in his stupid animal eyes, that filled her with absolute loathing, and she moved instinctively several paces nearer the door.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed brutally, "I thought I could conquer you without much trouble. Now what do you say? Will you go to supper?"

"Yes."

"It is the way with you women folks, all of 'em," he grunted, "say no when they mean yes, just for the purpose of being begged."

She had reached the landing outside when she paused again.

"Am I to go to my mother?"

"By all means she is waiting most anxiously for you, and I will even permit you to go in alone for a quarter of an hour, as supper will not be served until later."

"In God's name," she broke out suddenly, "tell me that you do not mean to persist in your iniquitous designs!"

He looked at her with something between an ogle and a grin.

"I will wait for you," he said.

She said not another word, but swept past him, as though she would loathe to touch him even with the trail of her robe that brushed the floor.

The door was still ajar, leading into her mother's room, and she could see the lonely inmate sitting by a small table upon which a lamp was burning, with her face buried in her hands.

She went in softly, and laying her hand upon her mother's shoulder, stooped to kiss her.

"They would not let me come to you before," she said, "or believe me, mother dear, I would have been at your side. I am to stay with you a little now, and then take you down to supper if you would like to go."

"Like to go?" cried the unhappy captive, starting up. "Like to go, when I have not crossed the threshold out there in ten long months? Like to go! I am mad to leave this sky-left [illegible] cage, though it should be but for a moment, [illegible] the remainder of my life! Do you know what Bill, good, kind Bill says?" she suddenly asked, with the look of a child who would timidly strive to conciliate some august personage whom it fears to have offended.

"No," said Iola, likewise shrinking.

"He says I am to live with you always, and oh, I shall be as happy as the days are long!"

"Where are we to live together, mother? And when?"

"Anywhere, my dear, when you are his wife," she faltered, turning her eyes away quite nervously for a moment.

"But, mother, that must not be!" cried Iola, in a tone of absolute despair. "You would not—you could not encourage me to such infamy."

"You unnatural child!" shrieked the mother wringing her hands. "May the wrath of Heaven rest upon you if you refuse to submit. You cannot, you dare not, if you have one natural emotion of filial love in your bosom, leave me to despair like this. You talk of infamy, Has it not overwhelmed us already? What could be more infamous than the life I am leading, or rather the death I am dying, for it is a slow death? I am branded with the most monstrous of crimes—the murder of my husband—of which I am as innocent as a child unborn, and am chained here like any common felon, while to you is offered the power of liberating me, and you will not do it. See, your white-haired mother kneels to you and clasps your feet. And how easy a thing is it that I ask of you, only to become the wife of a man who will be kind to us both; who will remove every difficulty from about our paths, and surround you with every luxury in life."

"But with my own money," Iola could not help saying bitterly, "which I should claim the right of enjoying without being encumbered with his hateful name and presence."

"See what an unreasonable child you are!" still sobbed her mother, lifting her hands imploringly. "Its fate for which so many girls would envy you, and manœuvre to deprive you if they could, and William, who has been a son to me, loves you with his whole heart."

Iola wrung her hands in despair. Under what wizard's spell had her mother been brought that she had once confessed to be the chief instrument of their ruin, in such terms as she now used? That Malvern Cushing was the great head of the nefarious scheme, by which they were to be deprived of their possessions, with the false justification that it should have been his by inheritance, she did not doubt, but this man had been the willing author of all the dirty work—a hired robber who would undertake to execute wholesale crime for stipulated wages, and would never be made to feel, falter or turn back on his way, unless the hope or promise of reward were withdrawn. Such her mother had once been the first to denounce him; such every act of his life had proved to be; yet now she lay abjectly clasping her knees and imploring her, her child, to become his wife, as though such an act would be the fulfilment of her every earthly desire.

"Mother," she sobbed, "in heaven's name, do not kneel to me. Let me sit at your feet. I can then listen to you more composedly."

"No, no," still wailed the half crazed prisoner. "I will not rise till you promise to bless me. Only think of it, my child. You can restore me to life and so many of its joys, while my death agonies will haunt you to your last hour if you leave me here to destroy myself. Iola, Iola! it is your mother who beseeches you. The spirit of your dead father cries to you to save me, and you dare not refuse."

The girl was deeply moved. Every nerve and muscle in her body was quivering with intense excitement. For the moment her filial affection reigning paramount in a heart full of generous, self-sacrificing impulses, overcame every other consideration; and bending down, while broken-hearted sobs convulsed her whole frame, she caught her unfortunate parent to her bosom.

"Mother, dear mother, cease to upbraid me. I will save you."

"You promise me, before I rise?"

"I do."

"Now, heavens be praised that sent me such a daughter," she cried, and the two stood, clasped in each other's embrace, for some moments, too entirely overcome for further speech. As it was, the mother, with her disturbed and irregular thoughts, was the first to recover.

"But, my child!" she exclaimed nervously, running her hand caressingly over Iola's form, "you have not on wedding attire. You should dress yourself as becomes so young and lovely a bride."

"I have no thought for dressing," said Iola, averting her head. "The dress I have on is more than befitting the occasion, and besides I have none other."

"But do you know, my dear, that he will have in all the tenants on the place to certify that you are lawfully married this time?"

"If I am to be led to the sacrifice, let it be as I am," said Iola sharply. "Mother, my soul is undergoing a fiery trial. Importune me no more. You shall not suffer again; you shall be free. Let that suffice you, I pray. I must have a moment in which to think."

She turned away her head and buried her face in her hands. Her mother seemed willing to indulge her in this, and for a moment profound quietude reigned about them.

Iola's busy brain was flashing a thousand disturbed panoramas before her. Almost every incident of the past four years came thronging mockingly back before her mind's eye. The light-hearted joyousness with which she had first set out on her long journey with Castleton Vane, and the great and she believed deathless love, with which that handsome, chivalrous and high toned young man had inspired her, now filled her heart to overflowing, and maddened her with the change, until she again started up with the thought of taking her own life rather than submitting to the wicked alliance from which she could see no other escape. But as she turned, the eyes of her companion were fixed with intense anxiety and suspicion upon her, and her mother's cold hands clasped her own.

"My child! my darling! remember that you have promised."

There was such a world of unutterable melancholy in the low tones that they wrung her heart with a grief that took her almost entirely out of herself. Had her mother been the veriest stranger instead of the being who had given her life, she would have pitied the forlorn creature before her from the bottom of her soul, and would have left no reasonable means untried to ameliorate her condition. But the being to be relieved and nourished was her mother, and she recognized it to be her imperative duty to save her, no matter what the sacrifice might be to herself.

"Have no fears," she returned. "I do remember, and will keep my word, under God I will save you."

She had barely uttered these words, when the rustling of a woman's dress was heard behind them, and Jane Seymour looked in.

"I have come," she said, "to show you down to supper."

Mrs. Dare was shrinking back with a wild frightened look on her face when Iola clasped her hand.

"Come," said the latter, in an unnaturally calm tone. "You are safe now, and they will not dare to hurt you. You will find yourself weak from the long confinement though, and must let me support you." She passed her arm around the frail figure and drew her towards the door.

For the first few steps her mother's face was flushed with joy, but the next instant it had faded again and a ghastliness of death almost had overspread her features.

"I can't," faltered the poor creature, covering her face with her hands. "It has been so long, I would fall. You are not strong enough, my dear. Let William come for us."

It was in vain for Iola to plead. She assisted her mother's faltering footsteps to the head of the first stair way, and there the infatuated creature crouched down to the floor.

"I can't," she repeated again. "We would both fall and be seriously, or perhaps fatally hurt. Send for William. He is to be my son, you know, and he has promised to wait on me."

It was pitiable to hear her talking thus, and Iola's eyes were filled with tears.

"You had better not try to take her down," said Jane Seymour in her frigid tones. "She knows what is well for her, and I will go for Mr. Whitfield."

Iola might have still demurred, but the other did not wait to hear and glided down the steps.

"I was afraid of her," whispered Mrs. Dare, with a hysterical laugh. "She would murder me."

"No, no," said Iola, still with her arms clasped about her, "compose yourself. You are safe now."

The two women with their different burdens of thought and fear, stood thus for several anxious moments, when a heavy step was heard ascending the stairway below and the robber stood before them.

"How can I serve you?" he asked with mock courtesy.

"I won't you to go with me down, William," whined Mrs. Dare. "I have been—sick, you know, so long, that all my strength seems gone; and I was afraid of falling with Iola. You are strong, I know."

"And you are willing to trust to me?" he asked, glancing at the daughter.

"Yes, yes, my son, anywhere."

"You see she does not think she can get along without me now," he said turning again to Iola; "and when she is indeed my mother, old scores shall be forgotten, and my kindness redoubled."

Iola drew herself up haughtily, without replying, while her mother fearing lest her silence should prove an unfavorable impression, hastened to interpose.

"Let her have her way," she said, with her hand upon his arm. "She is a little coy, you know, as all young ladies should be, but she has promised to accede to our wishes, and that is all we could desire."

Their descent to the lower floor was necessarily slow, for a total want of exercise had indeed prostrated Mrs. Dare to such an extent that she was soon panting for breath, and they were forced to halt at last to prevent her from falling to the floor.

Whitfield threw open the doors of the sitting-room once more, and placed his proposed mother-in-law in a seat. Then, as Iola stood a few paces distant he placed himself at her side and endeavored to take her hand.

"I am glad to hear that you are at last ready to listen to reason," he said. "Whether of your own accord or not it matters little. It is your mother's wish as you see, and one who professes to make duty the ruling principle of their lives, as you do, should be content to obey."

"It is sufficient for you, I presume, that I do obey."

"Yes and no," he answered "I would have you obey, and I would have you love me."

"You take a singular method for accomplishing this," she answered indignantly. "Do you imagine that a woman was ever coerced into love?"

"No; but love will follow even a forced marriage, if the proper method is afterwards pursued," he continued with a wicked smile. "Upon our women we can afford to bestow kindness and caresses."

"Your caresses would be more terrible to me than brutal blows," she answered indignantly,

"But they will not be after a little."

"I despise you. I shudder at, loathe, execrate the very sight of you."

"I love you, and love begets love. I shall have no fears when once we are married," he answered.

If she had had the power to strike him dead at her feet, though her own life would have paid the forfeit the moment after, she would have done so without hesitation.

"It is useless for me to ask for mercy!" she said again.

"If mercy means to escape from being my wife—yes."

"Even if I give up everything—make over all my interests here to you?"

"I have said. I love you."

"And you will force me into this hateful marriage, in spite of all the unutterable repulsion I have, or may express?" she had turned and confronted him with a consuming fire of indignation in her pretty face.

"Yes."

She dared not trust herself to speak for some moments, but it broke from her at last, in spite of her efforts at control.

"God pity me," she cried. "But I believe I should murder you."

He looked at her with a stupid, dumbfounded sort of amazement, at first, and finally broke into a slow laugh.

"Human nature is not so different after all I see," he said. "But I am willing to trust you."

"Iola," pleaded her mother wringing her hands, "think of me, and be composed."

"And then," he said, with evident relief, "there is the supper bell, your mother is looking very much better. We will go in, and afterwards we'll settle the little business we have overheard. Several of our pals will be in to tea. They know what's up; and are anxious to see you. I shall be compelled to pay the courtesy to my mamma in law, to see her in, so I shall be constrained to summon my best man to be your escort." He bowed low and leaving the two women alone for a few moments, passed out at the door.

Mrs. Dare sat in the meantime, gazing about her in a vacant sort of bewilderment, and the girl, remaining where he had left her, fastened her eyes on the floor, while a hectic flush mounted to her checks. Neither had spoken to the other when the door opened, and the robber came back followed closely by a second individual.

Iola looked up and could not refrain from giving a start of joy when she recognized Miles Gay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SPIRITUALIST'S LAWSUIT.

A curious lawsuit, involving some $25,000, the parties to which are well known citizens of Genesee county, N. Y., is awaiting the decision of Judge Rumsey, before whom it has just been tried at Rochester. The great Tonawanda Swamp extends through the northern part of this county through Orleans and into Niagara, a distance of twenty five miles, and covers some fifty thousand acres. It has been the belief among certain classes of people that this waste contains vast deposits of mineral wealth, although extensive search has failed to discover anything satisfactory. Among the owners of tracts in the swamp in 1874 was Ezra B. Booth. He had 1,500 acres, bought on speculation, which had failed to be remunerative. A well known female spiritualistic medium, named Collins, about that time professed to have been visited by the spirits of Red Jacket, the noted Seneca warrior and orator, and other celebrated Seneca braves who once owned the swamp and the surrounding country. They revealed to her the important fact that the swamp was rich in oil, salt, coal and other valuable mineral commodities. The spirits were able and willing to discover to Mrs. Collins the whereabouts of the deposits if the [illegible] of a tract of land they should point out. The tract was that of Ezra B. Booth. Mrs. Collins had no funds, so she enlisted [illegible] Eighmy, a wealthy acquaintance and a believer in spiritual revelation in the speculation. Mr. Eighmy purchased the 1,500 acres of swamp land indicated by the spirits and entered earnestly into the development of [illegible]. He built a shanty in the depths of the swamp and took up his quarters there, superintending the labor of men who sank wells and prospected for coal under the direction of a number of mediums who in turn were inspired by the spirits of Red Jacket and others. Beyond the interesting discovery of a salt spring and a small vein of water that yielded sulphuric acid, nothing in the shape of minerals was found in the depths of the swamp. At last some of the workmen came upon a spring that proved to possess valuable medicinal qualities. Mr. Eighmy then resolved to found a water cure, and invested several thousand dollars in building one. This failed, and with its inauguration the spirits ceased to communicate with the medium, and further investigation was abandoned. Mr. Eighmy spent about $25,000 in search for the minerals of the Indian spirits, and he now brings suit against Booth to recover the price of the land and heavy damages, on the ground that the purchase was made and the speculation carried on through false representations made by Booth.

HERE AND THERE.

—Polar regions—bean patches.

—High spirits—whiskey above proof.

—The bank cashier leads a checkered life.

—One of the first "repeaters" occurred in the echo.

—Pickpockets generally pick their company.

—Among sewing machines the mosquito is a Singer.

—A tip-top affair—the highest peak of a mountain.

—Summer complaint—"I wish I could go to the sea shore."

—An old sea-dog should properly be the proprietor of a bark.

—Shoemakers have no marked partiality for sherry cobblers.

—Music in the soul is often represented by a pair of new boots.

—A good many people in their sleep talk through their nose.

—People no longer say as hard as adamant, but as hard as a base ball.

—Pawnbrokers very frequently take the pledge but seldom keep it.

—The survival of the fittest is shown when the tailor outfits his customer.

—General Wrangel, of the German army, would seem fitted by nature for a fight.

—Many young ladies value boys not so much for what they are as what they may be.

—The old chromo system is now being generally dispensed with in favor of war maps.

—Achers of corn are mowed with rapidity every Sunday morning throughout Philadelphia.

—In convivial finance money may become tight by a man liberally spending it in a drunk.

—In putting your foot down upon a thing strenuously, be careful that it is not a banana peel.

—When the Carthaginians used elephants in battle, they classed them among the "heavy weights."

—A policeman in walking over his "beat" is not necessarily compelled to constantly use his club.

—The locust sings his song with his legs and does that because of the insect kingdom, the mosquito.

—When boys are travelling the wrong road a proper use of the "switch" may not be inappropriate.

—Clergymen now in marrying people, give a fascinating allowance in the shape of a marriage certificate.

—Notwithstanding the rumored revival of the Whig party it is certain that [illegible] losing cause.

—Probably the Turks will eliminate a slight in the rush of the Russians on the [illegible] of the Danube.

—A speculator in wheat operating for a rise never likes a declining market, because it goes against the grain.

—Walking on eggs is as nothing compared with [illegible] a man displays in skating himself for the first time.

—The Hebrews by making no further purchases at A. T. Stewart's are trying to reduce Judge Hilton's profits.

—They are called "hops" from the habit of walking the girls adopt, who have been at one in tight shoes all night.

—The war correspondents in the East are all singing the same song. As an accompaniment they use the lyre exclusively.

—The hotel keepers at our fashionable resorts will not [illegible] their trust in foreign lords to any great extent.

—The character of the social back-biter is immortalized and personified in the wicked flea. He originated phlebotomy.

—Specimens of the finest variety of "cheek" are sometimes pleasant in summer on account of their being so decidedly "cool."

—General Ord, commanding on the Rio Grande, is, comparatively speaking, hardly so efficient a worker as General Order.

—The sculptress of the "Sleeping Iolanthe," should turn her attention to a roast of beef. It is excellent for "carving" purposes.

—A school teacher who always speaks in character, referring to several of her best scholars, calls them the pupils of her eye.

—Sugar can't make children any sweeter than they are, but the off-spring of a bishop even, will steal it if they get a chance.

—The milkmen, indirectly, in a greater or less degree, support the Murphy movement in advocating the use of water as a beverage.

—The Pittsburg cigar stores are closed on Sunday by order of the Mayor, and the only things in that city which smoke are the chimneys.

—The coolest summer costume known is worn by some of the interior African tribes and consists of a lot of tattooing around the waist.

—Von Moltke believes the Eastern war may last two years and all the dentists in the country are thinking of buying summer residences.

—If our fire-watering places are observed closely on a Sunday, a great many side issues—that is, side door issues—and entrances will be noticed.

—The pistol-revolver was invented by a North Carolinian John Gill. The honor of having invented the base ball "revolver" is still in dispute.

—One of Phil Sheridan's new twins is named Irene, which means peace. He says, however, that neither of 'em live up to all that the name implies.

—Robert Browning never used the simile, but it would read grandly in one of his poems to see a mule's hind leg compared to Vesuvius in repose.

—There is little discrimination in the mosquito, and he shows the same earnestness in paying his attentions to the tramp as to the millionaire.

—As good an idea of Pandemonium as can be obtained on this earth is supplied in the efforts of a seven-year old boy to escape washing at the hands of his mother.

—The saying that when women hesitate they are lost, does not apply to the struggle they often undergo as to whether they shall eat onions on beau night or not.

—In Key West, Florida, tomatoes can be bought for twenty-five cents a bushel, and goats are so disgusted with their cheapness that they won't look at a tomato can.

—"Dog detectives" accompany the dog catchers in their raids on the condemned sons of canine. Their duty principally is to decide which are dogs and which goats.

—As a means of bringing to men's minds the expediency of finding some air line to salvation a liberal spasm of colic is about as efficacious as the most rabid revivalist could desire.

—A good place for a man to learn gymnastics is to stand in a street car when off the track and the driver is determined to put it on again while running at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

—No artist could ever fully sketch the intensity of expression in a boy's face when he first sends his teeth into one of this season's apples and finds that it is even sourer than he expected.

—It is true that many men have written and spoken in favor of marriage but after a calm and impartial research it must be confessed that those who have done so, invariably married orphans.

—At the watering places now the young men invite the girls to go fishing with them, and what takes place during the lulls of baiting and bite, justify their being called "fishing smacks."

—As a proof how strangely certain things become associated with familiar recollections it may be mentioned that many a married man rarely looks upon an old battered, worn-out broom in an ash heap without deep emotion.

—How few young men or women there are who feed spiritually, as it were, on the elevating and inspiring influence of Byronic poetry, that imagine, until long after, there is such a deep and solid happiness in a square meal of beans or corn beef and cabbage.

—The prevalence of that milder form of lunacy which affects young people to wander out moonlight nights under the damp trees, and hang with mute expressiveness onto front gates, gave rise to the tradition of the moon's influence upon the human brain.

—A romantic young man had intended if suitable circumstances ever arose to sing "Good-bye, Sweetheart," as he took his final departure. As he now takes his comfort on the half chair, however, he thinks there was something so engrossing in an irate father trying to kick his coat-tails out of his neck, that thoughts of vocalism were not only indefinitely but unavoidably postponed.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

BY HENRY FAITH.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

THE WRECK.

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to see you. I understood my friend McClelland, as he met me on the last of his leave."

"I had gone on a visit to Holmesdale, a little town in the north of England. McClelland was a partner in the water company there, and had much pressing for a week.

After the meeting of the evening, we set down to an excellent little dinner. Not till nearly the conversation turned upon the

"I am sorry this rain continues," said McClelland, "it spoils my water supply. People only use as if I could help it."

"Are your reservoirs near the town?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "away in the hills. We can go over to-morrow if you like. 'Tis done."

The excursion was arranged. We agreed to start at eleven o'clock next morning, and we separated for the night.

We pursued our way up the hill, and crossing the brow, reached a small inn. Here we found a roaring fire awaiting us. Into this we steamed, and presently along a wooded by road, dusty and rut-full. At length, when legs had almost given way to bad language, we pulled up at another small inn called the Reservoir. We got out of the gig gladly.

The innkeeper becomes hurried up and assisted us politely.

"Is that right, Johnson, inquired McClelland?

"Yes, all is right; but—"

"Well, but what?"

"I don't quite like the South Reservoir embankment," was the reply.

McClelland looked pale to his very lips.

"Come with us," he said abruptly. We hurried after him in silence, and with a strange

We came once in sight of the extensive embankment, which contained the waters of the largest of the three reservoirs of the Holmesdale Company. A fresh breeze was blowing the water in small though noisy waves against the paved side of the bank. Here and there a streams of liquid spat upon the stone work, and at one spot it trickled down into and apparently

"Is that right, Johnson, I was looking at this moment," said McClelland.

"You had better have a few men to paddle up," said McClelland, indicating a tiny rivulet that would have escaped less experienced eyes.

"Look here, Mr. Hall, this is serious," said the other, pointing round the works the clouds had warned themselves in wild grandeur above. The hills and by heavily above the Apps valley in front. The railroad crossed the valley on a graceful viaduct near Annerring Junction. The dark slaty clouds hung suspended over this district. Long tendrils of the mist came forth from these like fingers. These clutched now a rock, then a military tree, but except up again and brought down a larger mass of cloud to place upon the ground—ever gathering forward and downward, barring all its unwilling track death and fury. A fine morning sound was in the air. It was not the wind, for the breeze had strangely lulled. The sun, or seem moved, yet the water rolled up against the bank as if agitated by some unseen wheel. We all so-med convictions of the disturbance of the atmospheric conditions, and the lower whispered strange confidence to the other intelligible laughs over our heads.

The men had all gone up to the reservoirs. McClelland and I sat chatting together.

"Do you think you could find your way back alone?" he asked suddenly.

"Why?" I said. "Do you intend to remain here? Is there any danger?"

"Well, scarcely that; but I think I ought to be on the spot. I will return to-morrow or next day."

"Dinner, I stay too?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. We rough it up here, though."

"I do not mind that," I replied. So it was settled. Fortunate it was that I remained. As we were preparing to visit the shaw we were startled by a vivid flash of lightning, which had hardly gone out when the rocks rang out with a thousand thunder-echoes.

This was the signal. The windows of heaven opened and a perfect deluge descended upon the devoted valley. The little brooks became rivers, and poured down the hill-sides in white array. Tiny waterfalls swelled themselves into cataracts, and formed down to the streams. The wind rose and with its claws and forced great rolling waves across the coping of the reservoirs, and flowed and gross became considerable. Now the stone-valves were all opened, and the long-imprisoned water gladly flashed from out its prison to meet its fellow-river once again. The channel of the Holmesdale, once more filled with water, divided on its right. But still the rain worked hard amid the gathering gloom and thunder by lightning light, and Nature rested not on that fearful night.

But I turned in and got some sleep in despite of the accustomed war without.

At five o'clock in the morning, as the gray light was struggling into life, McClelland suddenly dressed, into my room. I started.

"Come yourself as quickly as you can, and come down stairs," he said. I began to ask questions. "Less us time, there's a good fellow. I want your assistance." He left the

I dressed up at once, hurried to the window and looked out. Day was just breaking through the misty day, and all the world was raining. Everything was flashing from the eaves, and pouring with the heavy drops, burst into a thousand streams in every rut and furrow. The wind had lost its force and roared amid the trees. Here and there a sheep crept out of a corner from from its place and whirled

I hurried on and joined McClelland in the parlor. He was busily employing a private telescope on a distant lime-table, which on no

"Now, sir," he said, as he held it to his arm stoutly away.

"Excuse," I replied, laughing; "I'll be ready in five minutes if it's important. Is the house here?"

I ran up for my waterproofs. When I came down the house was at the door and McClelland impatiently him.

I mounted. "Now," I said, "for this great mystery, please."

McClelland's tone had something very serious in it, as he replied:

"Tell the station-master at Annerring Junction, and any people you see, that the South Reservoir will not last three hours. It will burst down the valley, and will destroy the Apps Viaduct and carry away the bridges on the Holmesdale Branch. Stop the traffic, and save passengers. God bless you; and, hark ye, ride for your life. I will fire the signal-cannon as a warning. Good-bye."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

A WILD RIDE.

Mechanically I gathered up the reins, nodded to the anxious group, I was too stupefied to reply in words, and started upon my wild ride. Three hours hence and the water would be rearing down the valley through which my course lay. No wonder I had to ride for my life, and perhaps that of a hundred of my fellow-creatures depended on mine. Annerring Junction was some miles away. My route lay through an unknown country across mountain-torrents by flooded streams and swept by the fierce wind and rain.

I must do it. I thought, as my horse picked his cautious way amid the loose stones down the hill-side. I had accomplished a quarter-one day. I should need all my strength, though, to execute my task, as I pressed on. A valuable slice out of my time had been expended when I reached the broad highway and urged my horse to speed. I had to pass this again, I knew, but I feared I should really find the path. Besides, was there not a sign-post? Therefore, urged by dreadful tidings, and with the three-wind and hailing in my face and all together assailing me, I urged my horse onward. I reached the turning and pulled up to read the direction I should take. I nearly fainted with horror as I read. The fatal finger pointed up the cross road I was pursuing—To Holmesdale and Seaham. The opposite index pointed—To Rudsall and Annerring. I could scarce credit my senses. Surely, I was right! We had come up the previous day, and up the hill to the Reservoirs. I had merely to reverse the route we had traveled. At that moment, if you will believe me, the true state of the case and my own stupidity flashed upon me. We had come from Holmesdale. I was now bound for Annerring, which lay at the opposite side.

This was a terrible mistake. It was now past six o'clock. Four of the three precious hours had elapsed, and I was further from Annerring than when I started. I was seized with despair; what could I do now? Two hours remained, and I had three up hill miles to ride and then about seven more across the moors before I could reach the junction, and before that the trains might have started and then——

I burst into a cold perspiration at the thought, and then desperate, and only half-conscious, I rode madly back to the Annerring road, and up the hill again. But the storm-fiend was abroad, and had arrayed all his forces against me.

As we gained the more open ground, the blast came down with such violence as to stag ger me. It tore across the hill-side, and whizzed and hissed amongst the gorse and swaying grass. The rain came down more dreadfully than ever. At length I reached a small cluster of stone cottages, and halted under the lee of the last one to take breath for a fresh struggle over the moors—which lay before me. I straightened my back and looked down the valley. Yes, there was the railroad line. From the elevation at which I stood, I could trace the channel of the Apps River down the valley, and could guess the spot at which the flood would strike the railroad, and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine perhaps waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All the—and more. I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

How my horse kept his feet I do not to this hour understand. The wind which had been high before appeared to have gathered more force. The rain had halted, and it rushed across the track terrifically. Pebbles were frequently blown across the road, and every pool had its waves, like a miniature sea. Some hebdom crows were overhead, and the branch line over the spur of the hill. I could just distinguish the junction in the middle distance. A dark smoke appeared to be rising from it; an engine perhaps waiting to start with a train, and I was lingering on the hill. All the—and more. I could perceive as I rested on the summit. Somewhat refreshed, I rode manfully forward into the storm.

The light in her room, burned low, making but vaguely defined shadows on the wall.

In two hours I could be at the piano and to the piano-lid near her head. She started, and looking up, beheld a young gentleman of noble bearing standing beside her.

Uttering a little scream, she sprang from her seat and fled towards the open door.

"Madam! Miss Vinnie Walton!" said the stranger.

How my own name pronounced, Vinnie stopped and turned her face towards him. The color went from her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with anger as she nerved herself up to give the impertinent fellow a reply. But before she had time to speak, he said:

"Miss Walton, I do most humbly beg pardon for this intrusion. Be not too hasty to condemn me though I appear culpable."

The speech she was about to utter died upon her lips. There was that in the manner and the tone, more than in the words, of the stranger, that checked her reply. The noble countenance, the soft and yet manly voice, all betokened the high type of manhood which would not have failed to impress one less sensitive to such manly charms than Vinnie Walton.

So instead of running away or speaking angrily, she only blushed and stood still.

The stranger without further prelude, moved lightly to the piano, and seated himself before it.

For a moment his fingers ran up and down the keys aimlessly, and then as smoothly and gently as ripples streaked by the breeze to wash the swift current, the shadow, uncertain sounds blended into the most beautiful chords and harmonies.

Then soft, slow and soft at first, became more rapid, more impassioned and at length swelled into the most indescribable grandeur.

Vinnie, as lately speechless with surprise, stood and gazed in a very ecstasy of admiration. But the musician seemed to be so rapt in the piece he played that he seemed not to hear it.

So entranced did the listener become that she forgot all her fears and drew nearer to the piano, and when the player ceased, she was leaning forward as if she were still listening.

Rising from his seat, the musician gently touched her hand. At once she was awakened from her trance, and the magician's wand seized her, but the kind voice of the musician checked her.

"Vinnie," said he, in a tone so musical that it seemed but a continuation of the harmony he had elicited from the piano "Vinnie, give me but one golden moment, and then I must away. I have seen you before this day, and received your permission to speak to you. Is it not, I was drawn to where I knew you were this evening. I have but one excuse," continued he, and gently took in his the dainty little hand that she allowed to rest upon the piano.

Her first impulse was to withdraw it, but the look and touch of the stranger had a power over her like a spell, and given up to the sensation, almost delightful, she remained perfectly passive.

"I have but one excuse for the intrusion upon your privacy," continued the stranger, "Will you forgive me when I tell you I love you, Vinnie?"

Vinnie blushed deeper. Her little hand trembled, and she murmured some words indistinctly.

"Please accept this little token," said he, at the same time dropping a small package into her hand which she grasped, not being able to withdraw it from his clasp.

"Will you promise me to see you home to-

"Yes," she said, and then she started and covered her face with her hands.

"Forgive me," she said, "I had forgotten. I had to ride to Annerring."

"Annerring!" repeated the stranger. "Why, that is the very direction I was going. Will you permit me to accompany you?"

Vinnie had no longer the power to refuse. She had found her self-possession, and was ashamed of her confusion. She felt that she had been guilty of an indiscretion. A dispensation to the ground. She was under the charge of a direct discretion. We trusted to be able to learn the vicinity of the approaching visitor. It was an exciting race, and one never to be forgotten. On rolled the flood. We were running "neck" and neck" for one terrible half-minute. Now the rapidities flood bore directly to the bridge. Stones were rolled before it like marbles. Trunks of trees, haystacks, debris of every description came headlong down upon the doomed structures. We fled like lightning over the rails. Our speed told now. Sparks flew from the chimney. Another "notch"—the last of the pistons quickened to an almost inconceivable rapidity. We were on the bridge! Horrar! The curling wave beneath seemed to spring forward. It broke against the buttresses. In a second we were across. I shut off steam, the station-master put down the brake. A tearing, rending sound, that was not the brake—a crash! The line dropped behind us like a stage-trap. The bridge gave way, and with a roar, that even the mighty miles off the pretty viaduct was swept away by the boiling, furious water.

We were truly thankful for our escape. And now to water the engines. Speeding forward again, whistling, like a demon, on good engine—Vigilant by name—soon came in sight of the excursion train. By waving our red flag we averted another danger—a collision. The telegraph poles being down, trains had to run upon the same line as far as Handlebrigh, but our timely action set all to rights at last.

We soon gave the bewildered passengers to understand the narrow escape they had had. Fervent and sincere were the thanks we received from all, except one man. He was engaging Vinnie in conversation, and as the train the elevated embankment we could trace the course of the flood for miles. The train put back to Handlebrigh, whence the passengers were forwarded by another company.

To those we had arranged matters and returned to the broken viaduct the water had subsided. The work of destruction was complete but a "break down" gang was quickly on the spot. A footing was constructed across the muddy river-bed, and trains stopped at both sides of the stream, the passengers exchanging from one to the other.

The loss of cattle and land, large, produce caused by that terrible flood was very great. Had the catastrophe occurred during the night, the loss of human life would have been appalling. As it was, some cattle-tenants were drowned, but some had most marvellous escapes. The agent of the country as I returned my steps was deplorable. I could scarcely recognize the place I had passed in the morning.

I found McClelland and his staff at the reservoir awaiting me. He wrung my hand fervently, and said certain words that I shall not easily forget.

The viaduct was quickly rebuilt, but the station-master at Annerring does not forget the race of Steam versus Water on the Vigilant locomotive.

Nov 24 H

VINNIE'S DREAM.

Vinnie Walton had thumbed the leaves of her last new music a dozen times over. For an hour her dainty little fingers had danced over the ivory keys. She heard a slight step at the door, and a little curly head looked in.

"Miss Vinnie Miss Kay must wants to know if you is going to the ball to-night.

"No, my boy. Is she going?" asked Vinnie.

"Yes'm," said curly head, and vanished.

"Oh, dear," cried Vinnie. "Why couldn't Tom or Alfred have come and taken me? They know I dearly love to dance."

And then she turned again to the piano, and reclined her head upon it, and felt woe-begone as possible. So she permitted her glossy brown curls to fall down over her face and hands as she reclined her head, and meditated sorrowfully.

The light in her room, burned low, making but vaguely defined shadows on the wall.

In two hours she could be at the piano and to the piano-lid near her head. She started, and looking up, beheld a young gentleman of noble bearing standing beside her.

Uttering a little scream, she sprang from her seat and fled towards the open door.

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HAROLD GREEN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

Will Sandford, a well-grown lad of some 15 years, was studying away for dear life at Mr. Freeman's boarding school. He was the only son of a widowed mother, whose straightened circumstances would hardly permit her to pay the expenses of his education, but knowing the advantages to be gained thereby, she was willing to make any sacrifice for his future welfare.

Will was an honest, obedient boy, and much esteemed by his teachers. He was loved by all the good boys in the school, and he cared very little when those who were idle and evil-minded, attempted to ridicule him because he would not take part in the mischief they were constantly brewing, but turned all his attention to his improvement, knowing well as what cost he enjoyed his advantages.

Harold Green had been Will's early friend and companion. They had played together when little children, and a regard for each other had taken deep root in their hearts. They became members of Mr. Freeman's large family at the same time, and were still fast friends, although dissimilar in almost every particular.

Harold was anxious that every one should like him, and his great desire was to be thought the best natured boy in the school. He often got into disgrace from this cause, for, although he possessed an amiable disposition, and was by no means a mischievous boy, he was led into mischievousness because he had not the courage to say no to anything his companions desired him to do.

Mr. Freeman, anxious that his boys should possess all the advantages to be gained by open air exercise, had provided a large play ground for their use, which was their common resort during their leisure hours.

It chanced one fine summer evening that Harold Green, Ben Willard and a few other boys were engaged at an intricate game with a ball, the property of Willard, and the finest one in the school.

The play went on with much spirit for some time, when a hard stroke from Willard's bat sent the ball careering through the air. Much to their consternation, in its downward course, it took a wide area and landed in an adjoining field in which, on pain of Mr. Freeman's displeasure, they were forbidden to go.

Willard looked after it as it descended.

"There it goes!" said he; "just over where the grass grows the highest. I wish some one that can run fast would get it." And he hastened toward Harold as he spoke, who answered:

"You know, then, we are all forbidden to go out of the play-ground."

"Don't ask Hal," said John Dempy, coming up. "He's too big a coward to do it. Pshaw! I'd like to see the harm in getting the ball again?"

"Yes; what harm would it do, Hal?" asked Willard.

"I don't see that it would do any harm," said the hesitating boy.

"Then what are you afraid of?" asked John Dempy.

"I ain't afraid of anything, as I know of," said Harold, as he picked up his bat from the ground.

Will Sandford saw from a little distance that his friend was in some kind of a dilemma, and, walking up to the group, said to him: "I want you in the school-room Hal. I have just received a letter from home with one enclosed in it for you, and have been waiting that we might read them together."

Harold, glad of the relief, hurried away with Will, when the boys set up a great shout, crying: "That's right, little runaway; take care it don't offend its teacher, and get a flogging!"

"What is that they are saying?" asked Harold.

"Never mind what they say. So you do right, you need not mind them."

"But I don't like to be called a runaway. I'll just go back and tell them so!" said Harold. "Come with me, will you?"

"No," said Will; "and I think you had better not go back, either!"

"Well, then, just wait for me a minute!"

And away ran Hal to assure the boys he was not afraid of anything. And now the real mischief began, as Will foretold. For fear of being thought disobliging, and to support a character for courage, he, amid the cheers of his companions, climbed hastily over the fence, and was crossing away over the forbidden ground in less time than it takes to relate it.

Hal soon came back, breathless with the speed he had made, his face glowing with the exercise.

"What do you think I saw over there in the field? What do you think the high grass is?" asked Harold, breathing hard, as he leaned on the fence for support.

"What?" exclaimed all the boys, crowding around, greatly excited.

"Oh!" said Harold, "something very nice, indeed. How you would like to have some of them?"

"Why don't you tell us what it is, then?" cried John Dempsy. "He didn't see anything, that's it. He's afraid, and is running away; he's always making a darned fuss about something or other, and it always turns out of no account, after all. Come on. Don't listen to him] any longer."

"Just wait a minute, Will; I got my breath" said Harold. "After running away over the field, I found myself all at once in a splendid melon patch. Oh! there were such beauties lying all over the ground! They actually made my mouth water. I had just found the ball, and with it in my hand, I stood gazing at a splendid fellow, all covered over with green and white stripes; but I did not see a man coming along until he cried out to me, and asked what I was doing in his melon patch! Would you believe it? He thought I was lying when I came to tell him I found the ball, and said if I did not leave in a hurry he would set the dog on me. I tell you, I did not stop long, but ran away as hard as I could leg it!"

"Why didn't you stop and ask him to give you a melon!" asked John Dempsy. "Afraid of a dog! Pshaw! I ain't afraid of the biggest dog I ever saw, and I bet, if it had been me, I would have brought Carlton back with me, in spite of the man and his dog, too!"

"I wasn't afraid of his dog, either;" said Harold, "for he had none, as I saw; but I did not care to be seen, for fear he would tell Mr. Freeman!"

"And you did right for once," said Willard. "I am glad he did not see who you were, the green old hustle! I tell you, boys, Hal has seen the green and white stripes on the outside of the melons, but it takes a lad of spirit] to taste the luscious red inside of them! I, for one, will have their pleasure this very night!"

The boys all stared at Willard with wonder depicted in each countenance. Harold began to tremble in his shoes. "Will you venture to go with me, Willard?" asked Harold, faintly. "And he turned aside from the crowd.

"Hello, there!" cried Willard. "Do nothing off, if you please! Come back here. You put this thing in the hands, and you must see in out!"

"I don't see why you say I put anything in your hands, just because I told you of the melon-patch!" said Harold.

"Yes, you did; you know you did. How should we have known anything about it, if you had not told us! And now, boys, who's for the melon-patch to-night?" cried Willard.

There was an unbroken silence for some minutes.

"If there is anyone here who is against us, let him sneak off now!" resumed Willard. "I want no cowards in our party. Now is their chance, while I count three. At the end of that time it will be too late."

Harold did not move. He felt a strong desire to go, but he was too irresolute to speak out, and besides he was afraid of destroying his popularity; so he remained, looking on the ground, waiting to see what the others would do.

"One—two—three," counted Willard.

There was no objecting voice.

Willard stood silent for a minute, looking from one to the other.

"Well; all agreed? That's right," he said. "Now just touch hands all, and promise, whatever happens, not to betray each other!"

* * * * *

Prayers were said, as usual, that night, and the boys retired to their rooms; but when all the rest of the family were wrapped in slumber, there might have been seen, issuing from a small door at the back of the house, six shadows. It was the dead hour of night, and the boys were all trembling with fear lest their escapade might be discovered. Harold, at first so unwilling to engage in this transaction, was woe over by a few well-timed praises, and flattered by being looked upon by the party, while at the same time Willard was lashed upon by all as the guiding spirit of the expedition.

They were successful in reaching the melon-patch without hindrance. Although the moon was an old crescent, giving a bright light, she kindly veiled her face behind a drapery of clouds, unwilling, perhaps, to be a witness of so much youthful depravity. Owing to the partial darkness, none thus early were equal in searching for matured fruit, and many of the unripe melons were destroyed before they found any sufficiently luscious to tempt their appetite. However, they managed to find enough to satisfy them, and finally turned their faces homeward, carrying with them a splendid fellow, all covered over with green and white stripes, which they concealed carefully until the morning.

How rejoiced these boys were when they found themselves once more in their beds, and their absence undiscovered, I need not take the trouble to tell you. Harold, although he had thrown off all feelings of remorse at the wrong doing, and had determined to act out the character of a fearless, good-natured boy, in the sight of his fellows, kept sleeping fairly in his bed, felt very unhappy, and wished a hundred times he too had slept away the night in innocence.

The next day, after school hours, the favored few retired to a quiet spot, devoured their concealed melons and destroyed all traces of the feast.

Being so successful in their first raid, the boys soon determined on a second, and to that succeeded a third, all undiscovered by their trusting teachers. But the depredators were altogether ignorant of the devastation they were making in the fine melon patch. The young fruit was not only destroyed, but the vines, too, were trampled down and killed.

When the farmer discovered this he was exceedingly angry, and his suspicions at once rested on Mr. Freeman's large boarding school, as he had seen Harold there when in search of the ball. He immediately proceeded to the school and informed Mr. Freeman of the fact, but this good man would not be persuaded that so base a thing could be done by his scholars, or even if they were guilty, he could not conceive how they could escape the watchful eyes of the assistant teachers, whose business it was to see that everything went on properly at night. He called the school together, and questioned the boys in the presence of the farmer. Without faltering they all declared their innocence, with much seeming indignation, and Mr. Freeman dismissed the man with assurances that he had accused the wrong parties.

Harold's conscience would not let him rest, after this flagrant denial of the truth by his companions, and he could not much further have owned in their misdeeds, and received the punishment due their crime, than deceive the kind teacher.

He was often on the point of revealing all to Will Sanford. Indeed, he sometimes thought Will surely must have some knowledge of what was going on, although he always seemed lost in his own thoughts, and never joined in the boisterous boy. and often, when conversing with his friend, feeling overburdened with a consciousness of his guilt, the secret trembled on his tongue, and he would give utterance to words which almost betrayed him; but when Will asked him his meaning, he would recollect his promise of secrecy, and, blushing, say, with a confused expression of countenance, that he had accused the wrong parties.

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OUR LONDON GOSSIP.

SOCIETY IN LONDON

continues to make the most industrious endeavors that have existed for some time to secure the Prince and Princess of Wales a subject of comment, wherever it goes. It will be remembered that the Princess of Wales' Pesquish hair referred to the subject, through the pen of a writer who is known in private society as a strong committee, giving his political views in the Globe and his gossip in the Dispatch. At the Home Show on Thursday the public greeting of the Prince on the Royal Box, and the Princess' appearance in Her Majesty's subjects never lose an opportunity of showing their especial esteem for Princess Alexandra. The Prince of Wales' appearance was received by their three children. When the royal lady appeared, the great crowd which surged to and fro in all parts of the enormous hall cheered again and again.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

carries a heavy responsibility. His manners and tastes make the fashion. If he smiles on courtiers and their wives, they are sure of the favorable quality of the domestic hearth, license and loose manners break out in high places, to be reflected back in the lowest stratum. It is of much worth to be a reserved Royal Prince, but it has got to be done, and the Prince of Wales does not lack the incentive of a pretty, graceful, and amiable wife.

The Queen is to leave Balmoral for Windsor, on Wednesday, the 20th inst. She will stay three weeks at the castle and then go to Osborne. Here she is really informed you by cable that her Majesty's absence, at the critical juncture of the Eastern question, has given great dissatisfaction, not only to the Cabinet, but to the nation. Earl Grey was so earnest in his remonstrance that he has quite fallen under the royal displeasure. But the truth is we are

ALL AT SEES AND SAWS.

The Queen spells one way, and Beaconsfield another, the Cabinet another. It is all very well for certain leading journals to pretend that the Ministry is united. It is not. It is split from top to bottom and more to the side of hands. Gen. Ignatieff, they say, won him over at Constantinople, and in diplomacy either party are not for the Russian Ambassador hoodwinked the English Minister. An other high in the confidence of the Home Guards declares that Beaconsfield is not at all ready for war; that Mr. Hardy has really no warrant for the positive statements he makes to the House that he is quite prepared for the emergency which he considers to be on the cards. An official in the War Office informs me, on the other hand, that

THE GOVERNMENT IS PREPARED

There are so many contradictory statements, even in well-informed circles, that I prefer to trust my own judgment, which is not at all ready for war, with sufficient seriousness to put it through by cable at last.

The other night when Nicolini appeared with Patti at Covent Garden, the tenor was hissed by the upper tiers of boxes and the gallery. Patti was applauded to the echo. It was evident that the hissing was based not because he did not sing well, but on account of his appearance as the diva's lover. Isn't this rather unfair? Patti can't help it if she is pleased to prefer one of her stage rivals, but her choice must be "not open."

We are anticipating a reception to Mr. Gladstone and a reception on Thursday evening, at their residence in Carendish Square, in honor of Gen. Grant, ex-President of the United States, and Mrs. Grant. These was an immensely large attendance, and the provision had been made for it by carrying the annex of the house on the opposite front of the house and this enabling several carriages to set down at once. The house was a veritable bower of flowers, which were tastefully arranged in every possible place. All the earlier arrivals were presented to General Grant, but in the rapidly increasing crowd this speedily became impossible. Mrs. Grant wore a very magnificent dress, one a Princess robe of embossed velvet, the pattern in white satin of leaves and flowers, the ground a splendid purple pile. A little distance this had the effect of rich pulled over and the sleeves were cuttingly lace, and very beautiful diamonds. Mrs. Gladstone, the Countess of Norbury wore a costume entirely of white satin, with handsome diamonds and black velvet round the throat, and diamonds, and damask and blush roses in the hair. Lady Frederick Cavendish wore an Elizabethan ruff or whisk-broom about his neck.

"Buy a broom?" chanted he like an echo from the same unexpected quarter.

"Get out," said Mr. Parker.

"Now," said the Italian gentleman, not the least discomforted, "you've had one out of de best brooms for onlee seventee feef cent. Buy a broom?"

"I won't" said Mr. Parker; "seventy five cents is too much, and besides you couldn't sell me one if you tried."

"He is cheap at seventee feef cent. I cannot sell him sheeper as dat," said the man, perparing to go.

Just then another disguised nobleman entered, wearing another Elizabethan ruff of whisk-brooms, and chanting in similar key: "Buy a broom?" The first comer glared at his rival who returned the compliment.

"Get out," said Mr. Parker to the new-comer. That gentleman smiled genuinely and, unhooking one of his brooms, remarked, "Buy it von of de best brooms for onlee feefty cent. Buy a broom?"

Mr. Parker glanced at the broom. It was just such a one the first man wanted 75 cents for.

"Oh way," said Mr. Parker, stoically resisting the temptation to make a bargain; "get out. I don't want your brooms."

"Dot man is a thief," said Italian number one. "I will sell you my brooms for thirtee feef cent," said the new comer, with a flourish at his opposition. Mr. Parker hesitated, and went so far as to examine the brooms.

"You sell dem for thirtee cent; dat rubber sall not you de letsens," shouted Italian number two.

Mr. Parker fingered the two brooms. Meanwhile the Italians shook their fists at each other and exchanged personalities. "You liel," said one. "You nobber! I am de only one! You is a Scoundril!" "Villain." "Wretch!" Mr. Parker began to realize that he probably could get a bargain out of these fellows," said he "they're so mad. Then he spoke in a musing way. "I don't know that I want a broom, I could for one of their brooms."

"It is ruin," said the first, rolling up his eyes with pathos; "it is destruction, it is death, but you shall hab de broom for twenties feef cent." He seized Parker's hand, and on the left one, and handed over the money, and then followed number one out of the door. When the two were gone, Parker leaned up against the area railings and laughed.

"But was a good idee, my brother, dat you half to pay seventy five cents for," said the second nobleman. "Vat was the de brown work?"

"Feather dusts," said the man, chuckling, and then the partners in iniquity went off together to work upon the susceptibilities of some other philanthropist.

The Way of Chicago Girls.

"Will you do something to oblige me?" shyly asked a young Chicago girl of the opposite sex a young man whose acquaintance she has just made at a social gathering on West Adams street the other evening. "Anything that I can do in honor, mine," he replied, blushing "Well," said she, "come into the back parlor where it is dark, and put on the cuffs and collar that are over my head on your shoulder, and you pretend to whisper to my ear—only don't blow, because that tickles and I can't laugh, for this new dress is very tight—and when anybody looks you can draw your arm away. I forgot to say that I wanted you to put it around my waist, and I'll pretend to blush.

"But, my honored miss," stammered the young man, after hastily dividing 4 into 1877 and finding that it wasn't leap year; my good name, before these people and I am already engaged—and your father must

"Oh, you stupid, I know what I'm up to," replied the artless girl. "I'm engaged, too, to that young man talking to the waxen faced thing with somebody else's hair over there. I want to stir him up—to bring him down to business—that's all." The young man said that a lord had been lifted from his bed-room, and aided her to the best of his ability—as well, indeed, that in three-quarters of an hour the true betrothed girl got into his library and demanded an explanation of her flancee, who softened by his fears, called himself a brute, asked if she could ever forgive him, and promised to behave better in the future.

MATTER OF DOG CULTURE.

NO. II.

The advantage of giving a healthy young queen to the swarm which is then detailed by Mr. Langstroth: "It sometimes happens that the mother-stock, when deprived of its queen, perishes, either because it takes no steps to supply her loss, or because it fails in the attempt. If the mother-stock has not been supplied with a fertile queen, it cannot for a long time part with another colony without being seriously weakened. Should swarming—as is well known—often very much injures the parent stock, although its queens are rapidly maturing; but the forest mother-stock may have to start three abused from the egg. By giving it a fertile queen and retaining enough adhering bees to develop the brood, a moderate swarm may be safely taken away in ten or twelve days, and the mother-stock left in a far better condition than if it had parted with two natural swarms. The operation is easy and facilities this process may be repeated, four or five times, at intervals of ten days; and if no combs are removed, the mother-stock will still be well supplied with brood and mature bees. Indeed the judicious removal of bees at proper intervals often leaves it at the close of the summer better supplied than non-swarming stocks with maturing bees."

The old queen quits with the first swarm, leaving royal cells ready to supply another after her departure. The after swarms will issue in part about sixteen days after the first swarm. Bees, however, do not always think it desirable to send out a second swarm. To ascertain this, the apiarian should place his ear at the hive occasionally during that period, in order to ascertain if the fussing queens piping. If so, the old queen has left with the first swarm, the young queen is hatched, prepared to kill all the monkeys queens in the royal cells, if the bees have decided not to send out another swarm. If an attempt be made to escape, they may be prevented the queen from killing the young ones in the cells. These begin to pipe after a certain interval; and when the apiarian hears the curious notes, he knows that a second swarm may be expected.

The characteristics of natural swarming have indeed many apiarians to dispense with it altogether. The facilities for examination afforded by hives on the principles we have before described, render it easy to ascertain when it is ripe for swarming. By contracting the entrance of the hive the exit of the queen may be arrested; and this is a capital plan to adopt when the apiarian is unable to watch his colonies, but does not want to take the swarm from the hive before it is necessary. Our limits will not allow us to go into detail respecting the various processes of artificial swarming. One simple method, after the necessity for taking the swarm has been ascertained, is to put some smoke (that made by burning rotten wood answers well) at the bee) into the hive, take top off, after stopping up the entrance, and shaking the bees down into an empty box or hive placed on the top, by drumming on the hive. In nine cases out of ten the queen goes with them. In that case the parent stock will remain another queen, which may be supplied from another hive with a great saving of time. If the queen has not mained below, the brood swarm must have a queen supplied in the same manner; or if that is not practicable, the bees will soon rear one themselves.

Occasionally a swarm alights on the high branches of a tree, and can only be secured with difficulty. Some apiarians place an old hat or black stocking in the bee bush near at hand, and this is said to induce the bees to alight. We have heard of one ingenious gentleman who never lost a swarm, but by making a large ball of bees by stringing dead ones together, and then, in

In Spite of Himself.

BY E. S. C.

The reader owes an unmerited condition the forty August afternoon that was the beginning of the love drama in Rutherford Hope's life, and he and his sister made a very pretty picture, as they rode along in the little phaeton, with the white horse stepping easily in time. Hope's pretty, fair, straightfall hands, and the silver plated harness and white fly-net completing an admirably with the pony's jetty, glossy coat. It was a lovely afternoon, with faint suggestions of coming autumn days in the golden-y tinge of sunlight, and the cool breeze that made the leaves shimmer whitely.

It was a quiet, peaceful country scene, with the heat of tempter stretching like a band of silver gray between the silver emerald of fields here on one side, and the quiet grassy stretches of the river that followed the roadside on the other, and was fringed with graceful trees, and dotted with islands, and brightened by groups of sailing parties in gaily-painted boats. Rutherford Hope, the brother with Mr. Hope seated with lazy, contented eyes, and leaned back on the navy blue cushion of the phaeton, the very picture of enjoyment.

He was a handsome fellow as he was, with his lazy, sleepy eyes, that could fire, and laugh, and flash enough when occasion demanded; with his drooping mustache of tawny amber, his fair, blonde face, his darkly amber locks, cut short to his fine head—so short that many Ivy, the sister who was driving his lord-ship out that day, declared that he was barely removed the necessity of brushing it; with his clear, healthy skin—the low, white straw hat, with the broad black band, the immaculate diamond-studded linen, white necktie, rough, dark blue coat, spotless, closely-buttoned cuffs, polished shoes, every detail of the man was attractive and harmonious; and Ivy Hope, his only sister, felt pet and his darling, looked at him with a flash of warm pride on her own charming face, as this his, except for the delicate shadow of tone that on her cheek, and the darker tinge of her violet eyes, that had the same hint of languor and suppressed fire in them, the same heavy, well-shaped nose, the same curling mouth.

She looked at him, and thought how grand it was to have him home for good and all, thought of what Florence Sydney had said about him, and smiled. Florence Sydney had been Ivy's home friend and confidant for years, and had read all of Rutherford's letters to her sister, and who had fallen desperately in love with his picture.

He was thought of all this, and a little smile parted her lips—making the loveliest dimple on one cheek—as she thought of Florence Sydney's daily expected arrival for a long visit, and how delightful her brother would be sure to succumb, and give her Florence for a sister.

Mr. Hope saw the smile, and looked curious by at her.

"Well, tell me what is so pleasant for you to contemplate."

He had just the voice to complete his personality—sweet as a woman's, but with not an effeminate note in it—clear, resonant, caressing in its quality.

Ivy's smile developed into a joyous little laugh.

I was thinking what a splendid time we will have when Miss Florence comes. Oh, Rutherford, you must fall in love with her! She is just as sweet as sweet can be, and oh, heiress to I can't tell how much!"

Her enthusiasm fell on very ground, for Mr. Hope only settled himself more lazily in the corner of the phaeton, and pulled his hat over his eyes to shield them from the sun.

"You are very considerate, my dear, in offering such a charming temptation, but I sure you will relieve your anxious mind at once, and assure you that of all things I detest in this world, one is your schoolgirl divinity and the other—an heiress."

A frown that was very becoming, wrinkled him's low, white forehead.

"Oh, Rutherford! The idea of despising Miss Sydney because she has money! Suppose when I go out into society, the same remarks are applied to me?"

He showed his teeth for a second in an amused smile.

"Don't be profound, Iva. You are sweet, pretty, and refined —"

She broke in, excitedly—

"And Florence is a hundred times more so! Rutherford, please don't be ugly when she comes!"

"Ugly! I ugly? Now, sis, that's too bad! But I tell you frankly I don't anticipate seeing much of her. I can enjoy it in solitude. Important, haughty, vulgarly conscious of her personal and golden charms. No, thank you, Iva! When I marry, it will be to a girl who never knew what it was to have a second silk dress to her name—one of your quiet, gentle, sensitive flowerets, who will have to owe every thing that makes life pleasant and happy to me."

After that, the drive didn't seem so pleasant, and Iva's cheeks were considerably more flushed than usual when she threw the reins to the groom in waiting at the stable, and ran lightly to greet a veiled young lady, who had arrived a short before.

In the elegant, large bed room to which Iva conducted her guest, the girls had a long confidential talk.

"It is too awfully horrid in him, Florence! I know he would just worship you if he knew you, but he will not give you a chance. He is the same intimately acquainted. If you were a poor, miserable, lonely—Florence Sydney! Oh, Flo! I can do it—I can flash that satan of a brother of mine!"

"Then you don't like heiresses?"

He smiled down in her earnest eyes.

"I don't like the one Iva has strangely elevated to the home and position of a lady, and it would be when I heard she was coming. confidentially, sweet. It was nothing but Pollie Pet, and money, till I saw her. But if you don't want me—"

"Don't be a goose! Of course I want you! Rutherford will be back in a moment, and I feel about him as wrought, trashed beast!"

But Iva was not disposed to humor Florence's sentimentality.

"Oh, Flo, it's so perfectly glorious to think what we shall do with Rutherford! He shall fall in love with you, in spite of his imperial self-love and idolatry. He has never seen you, or such your picture, and he shall think you are Nellie St. Laurence, and that Nellie is poor. I will send her a note this minute, telling her I would like her to personate you as Rutherford's visible property, and—Florence, darling, Oh, Flo, and you must be the grateful, sweet, darling that you really are, only that my heart could think you are poor, that they would be Nellie St. Laurence, and that I am just going to Nellie to death, for she is a

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your brother's heart. If he ever should find it out—"

Yes, [illegible]

"Which he won't. Now you stay here in this room, and I'll drive over to Nellie's instead of writing, and bring her back with me, and my astute, stubborn, magnificent brother will never be the wiser, or know which is which."

Three hours later two young ladies were mustering up and down the the grassy lawn—one of them Iva Hope, the other a very stately, orderly-attire up person, with a saucy pretense nose, and fringes of straight dark hair hanging over her forehead.

On the lawn-step of the piazza a delicate, graceful young girl was sitting, dressed in a plain lavender cashmere, and looking lovesome and lovely. Rutherford Hope thought, as the fabulous attracted his attention.

He threw his cigar away as Iva came beamingly up to him, accompanied by the young lady in her heavy trailing silk dress, and bare brown arms, loaded with bracelets.

"Rutherford, I want to present you to my dearest friend, Miss Sydney. Flo—my brother, Mr. Hope."

The heiress bowed and giggled, and Rutherford took a swift inventory of her, physically and magically, as he assumed before her, and expressed a wish that she revelled in exuberant health.

"Oh, yes, I'm pretty well, I thank you. I'm not ill, am I, Iva?"

Rutherford gave Iva a look she interpreted exactly. Then he glanced at the slight, graceful girl on the steps, surveying a pet greyhound of his.

"Is she your another friend, Iva?"

Iva glanced indifferently at her.

"Oh, yes. She came over this morning. We know her at school. She thinks something of tan [illegible] visiting vacation and perfecting their Fernan."

Miss Sydney twisted one of her heavy rings conspicuously.

"Whatever she wanted to come for now I don't [illegible] she had an idea your handsome brother would be at home."

She smiled straight in Rutherford's face, and he turned away with a career of disgust that he did not attempt to hide.

"Introduce me to her, Iva."

He said it in his lordly way, that was only to be obeyed, and Iva, with a mischievous smile in her averted eyes, led the way up to her.

"Nellie, my brother wishes to be introduced to you. Mr. Rutherford Hope—Miss St. Laurence."

The sweetest, most wistful eyes he had ever seen, lifted themselves to his face—dark, velvety, earnest, and at the same time that he decided she had the loveliest face girl ever wore, he was conscious of a feeling of envy, almost, delight, that Miss St. Laurence had honored his father's house, even if in the position of teacher supernal.

Miss Sydney gave her train a scientific jerk and swept on just in front of the girl on the marble step.

"Go up to my room, Nellie, and bring me my portfolio of foreign views. I wish Mr. Hope to see them. Go—do you hear me?"

The ill-bred insolence, the rude, domineering tone—or something—brought the warm blood to Miss St. Laurence's face, as she quietly obeyed the order.

Rutherford wished to choke her on the spot, but contented himself with composing a lecture to deliver to Iva on the correctness with which he had sketched the character of the wonderful heiress.

That first interview between the three was a fair specimen of succeeding interviews. Rutherford disgusted and plainly displeased with Miss Sydney's vulgar display of wealth and manners, and equally delighted with the patient, unassuming modesty and shy glances of the sweet-faced girl who was to perfect the youthful Hopes in their German accent.

Daily he grew more indignant at the manner in which Iva allowed Miss St. Laurence to be treated, and at last he came out in bold defiance of her.

"I see no reason why you should be at such special pains to snub Miss St. Laurence on every possible occasion. As a lady, she certainly deserves to receive at least ordinary courtesy at your hands."

He had looked his handsomest and "high lord mightiest," Iva said, when he said it to Miss Sydney, just after she had sent Nellie on some unnecessary errand on the piazza.

The heiress curled her lips viciously.

"As a lady! You call her a lady? Why, she hasn't a penny in the world except what she works for! What is the good for, if not to wait on her betters?"

Rutherford had to compress his lips to keep back the hot expression of indignation and contempt on his tongue's end; and, seizing her hand in the garden, Miss Sydney—

"I daresay, now, you think she ought to be invited to our boating party to-night? But Iva and I have decided that she is hardly enough on a social equality with us to go as a companion. I suppose she might go as our maid, and see to the luncheon and shawls."

Mr. Hope's usual gallantry almost forsook him before this vulgar upstart's estimate of the dark eyed girl, whose society was becoming sweet to him.

"I think, if the proof of refined womanliness were put to the test, that Miss Nellie would prove a formidable rival to any of the boating party. Iva, will Miss St. Laurence be invited?"

Iva took out her list languidly.

"I think not. Every seat is already filled." Rutherford took his straw hat almost angrily from the table.

"I beg your pardon—one seat will be vacant. I shall not go unless Miss St. Laurence does."

That was the beginning of the end. In a fashionable whirl, Miss Sydney's wealth and position, to the quiet, dark-eyed little girl, who had taught him life's sweetest lesson.

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The exquisite mouth was quivering, and the dark, soulful eyes were lifted to his.

"Mr. Hope, I love you always, I loved you, ever since I—always! Are you sure you care for me? If I am poor and nobody—"

He kissed her mouth to silence her.

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BOOK OF ORIGINS.

ORIGIN OF PHRASES—THE ETYMOLOGY OF WORDS—REMARKABLE OLD SAYINGS—QUAINT EXPRESSIONS PECULIAR TO ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY JAMES REID.

"In princes business and in prayer
Your humble petition depose to implore."
Cymbe.

"The searching out and thorough investigation of truth is the first, the primary study of man.

A.

[CONTINUED.]

A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVOR.

This saying is to be traced to Livy XXV. 9, where Hannibal, when on the point of entering Taurasium, and being in correspondence with some traitors inside the city, orders his cavalry to halt "ut quo res portabat certantibus libera campi pateret."

AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria, or Hail Mary, signifies the angelic gabriel's salutation of the Virgin Mary, which he brought her the tidings of the incarnation. It is become a prayer, or form of devotion in the Romish church. Their chaplets and rosaries are divided into so many Ave Marias, and so many paler nosters, to which they sacrifice a wonderful deal of time.

A WHOLE TEAM.

It is an Americanism. We cannot tell who invented it, nor is it meanie that a team is in possession of uncommon powers of speech, but he is a whole team where he is smart: where he is very smart he is the whole team and a fraction to spare, and when the smartest a whole team and a fraction to spare and a pair of coach dogs under the wagon.

ALL THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE.

The origin of this saying is the half of everything, ever deed, action."

ALL TO-BRIEFS.

The origin of the "All to-briefs" has been attributed to Benjamin Franklin. It is true, many of his sayings in "Poor Richard" bear a striking similarity to the saying in question, and these sentences stand above phrase. A late number of the Buck's County Intelligencer refers the name of another chieftain to the honor of having the first given currency to this common colloquial phrase. That journal says:

It was not Dr. Franklin who gave to the world this contentment and expressive phrase. It would be a grievous wrong to attempt to take from any of his honors, or to call in question his authorship of any of the sayings of Poor Richard, but the story of the man who had an axe to grind, from which the present story is garbled, first appeared in your own paper, and with many other articles which graced it, contained the same in some of the early issues, written by Charles Miner, under the nom de plume of "Poor Robert the Scribe." Those articles were afterwards published in a small volume, and were printed at Miner's Press, Doylestown. The book was entitled "Essays from the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe." Many of the essays were also in the Farm Gentleman." And from this the phrase "an axe to grind" has obtained more than a land wide circulation.

THE AOLIAN HARP.

The construction of the Aolian harp, which was invented by Kircher, is extremely simple. A number of catgut or wire strings are distended over a box of wood, with a thin top constructed under them. The strings are tuned in unison, and the instrument, when placed in a proper situation to receive a current of air, produces a variety of sounds as given by the wind to the strings, soft murmuring sounds beautifully described by Thomson in his "Castle of Indolence."

A FEATHER IN FOR CAP.

It was an ancient custom in Hungary, that none should wear a feather in his cap, but he that had killed a Turk; for every Turk killed, the hero mounted a feather; hence the phrase when any one was fortunate enough to kill his enemy, it was a feather in his cap.

Among the North American Indians the custom was and is the same, and the warrior who returns with the scalps of their enemies, we think the feather more poetical, although both partake of a certain degree of fitness.

In the well known dogerel lines of "Yankee Doodle," occur the verse—

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a little pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni."

Why the word macaroni is used in this connection is readily accounted for from the fact that almost every nation applied it to persons. The following quotation from Horace Walpole is to the point:

I mean those clumsy, awkward wits, whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which is loved best, as the Italians do the lumbering bard heritage by Francis Jose Pulcagno, in broad Scotch, and Macaroni, Spaniard No. 47.

Macaroni, macaroni, macaroni!

The origin of this phrase is rather obscure. It may have originated from a passage in the Romish Festival, or it may have had its origin in the use of it as a table or dish. Before the Indies was made it was a difficult matter to find the rule called the Pie Powder Court, which was instituted to settle those disputes that were continually arising in the fairs and markets of the church. This, however is clearly explained by Sir Edward Coke, who says that the Pie, or minstrels, was proverbial among the students and others